

Ed Brown - a fallen star

By Steve Greaves

"Our love was like the water that flashes on a stone/Our love was like our music, it's here and then it's gone./So take me to the airport and put me on a plane/I've got no expectations to pass through here again."
— Jagger/Richards, "No Expectations"

On Thursday afternoon, two SF State seniors, Michael Carr, 21, and Edward William — "Eddie," "Ed" — Brown, 22, crossed campus together on their way to their college water polo practice. Walking in the damp air of an overcast day, they talked about their experiences on the team over the past two years and recollected the Rolling Stones concert half the team had attended a few weeks ago.

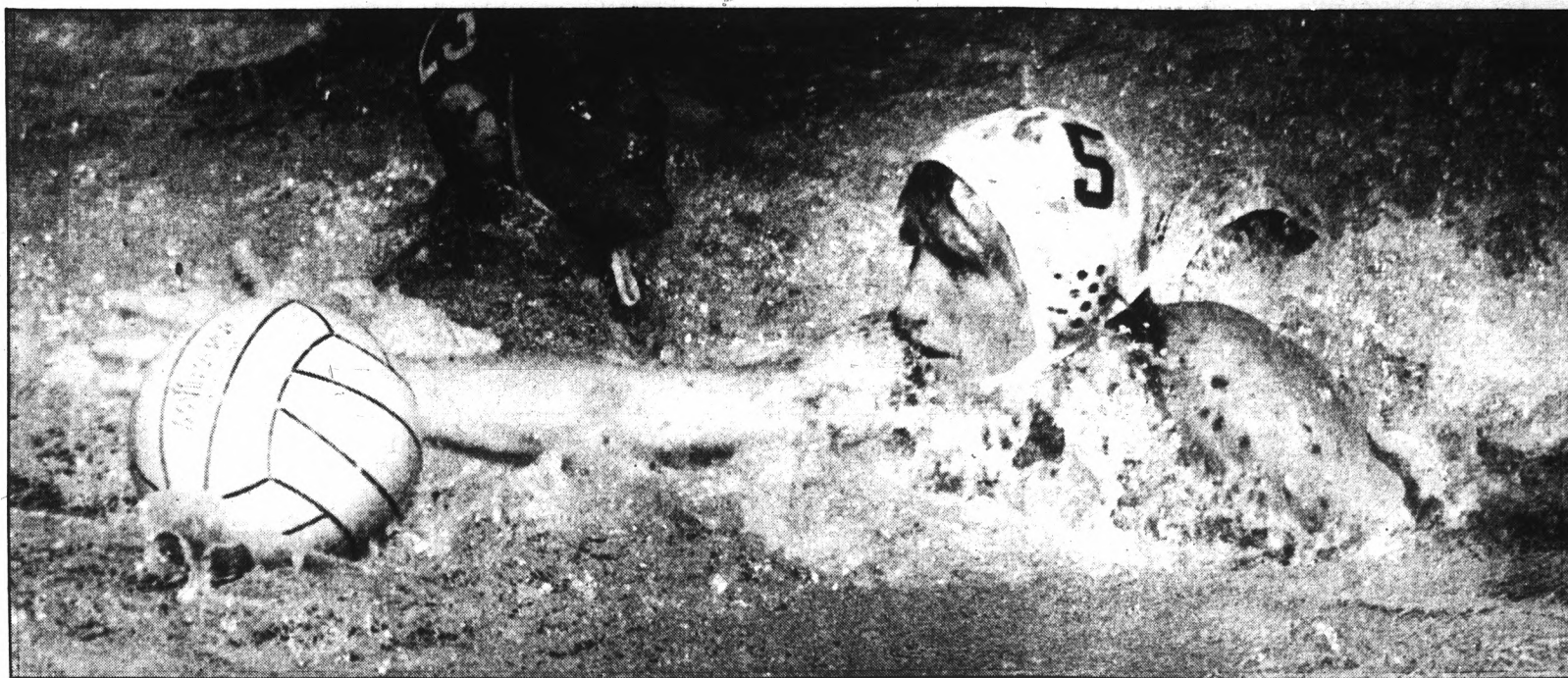
They were also looking forward to the 80-person, multi-keg party they had

organized for Saturday night. But the party never took place. For in two hours one of their teammates would be fishing Brown's lifeless body from the bottom of the SF State swimming pool.

Between 4:30 p.m. and 4:45 p.m., during a pass-and-shoot drill, Eddie Brown sank to the bottom of the pool, unnoticed. It was five to 10 minutes before somebody caught sight of him. Efforts to revive him were futile.

"You wouldn't think it could happen," said John Evans, who coached Brown in 12th grade at Ramona High School in Riverside.

"Ed was invincible. Every summer he came down here to play. There wasn't anything he couldn't do. I put him through the most grueling physical



By Paul Niles

See EDDIE, page 6. The sudden death last Thursday of water polo guard Ed Brown, pictured in action above, shocked the SF State community.

San Francisco State

PHOENIX

Volume 28, No. 12

San Francisco's Award-Winning Student Newspaper

Thursday, November 19, 1981

INSIDE

IT'S KNOWN AS A PART OF town people "wander into unknowingly" like some creepy casbah squeezed in between Louise M. Davies Symphony Hall, the chic avenues of Pacific Heights and the hip pockets of the Haight. Some of the Western Addition's residents tell why they live where they do.

NEIGHBORHOODS. See page 2.

WITH THE HOLIDAZE UPON us once again, a lot of feet around here are starting to itch. Phoenix tells you how to get there and back, and still manage to feed your face in the process. Feet, get movin'!

INSIGHT. See page 3.

SF STATE'S DEBATE TEAM has argued its points well. Now ranked fifth in the nation among college syllogists, the team is loosening up their tongues for yet another victory. And if you wish to quibble over this fact, they'd be glad to discuss the matter with you.

NEWS. See page 3.

WHAT'S WORSE THAN DIS-covering a parking ticket under your wiper on Holloway? Finding more than one? Finding the meter maid smiling as she scribbles it out? Actually, forking out hard-earned pay for the violation may be the greatest misery of all. Not to worry — there's hope for all you Big City Sinners.

NEWS. See page 6.

The Waiting Game



Phoenix photo: Tom Levy

With her future as SF State Student Union Director still up in the air, Dorothy Pijan, president elect of the Association of College Unions-International, told the group at its regional conference in this weekend, "The union is a service institution, not [to be] embroiled in meaningless campus politics." Story on page 10.

Fee boost spurred by state reductions

By Rick Narcisso

Student fees will rise at least \$216 for full-time 1982-83 academic year students, increasing the semester fee to \$241 or more.

Chancellor Glenn Dumke was given the authority to make the increase, which he requested, by the California State University and Colleges System Board of Trustees Tuesday.

The financial package proposed by the board also includes provisions for limiting the number of students for the Fall 1982 semester to this semester's total at each of the CSUC campuses.

In addition, the plan also asks for a continuation of operational and activities cost cuts which have already been authorized.

Charles Davis, a spokesman for Dumke, explained that although "the exact mechanics for the changes have not yet been determined," individual campuses will be responsible for the implementation of the enrollment freeze and operation cuts.

He added that the proposal is in response to Governor Brown's request for a 5 percent budget reduction by government organizations for next year.

Two weeks ago, Dumke levied a \$46 increase of student fees for next semester. Davis stressed that the \$46 is a one-time only surcharge and will not be added onto the \$216 fee slated for next

year.

The spokesman said only new CSUC applicants will be affected by the enrollment quota, not current students.

Fee increase for non-resident and foreign students are not outlined in the new proposal, but a decision on those increases is expected sometime next spring.

Surprisingly, SF State students queried on the news of the increase were supportive of it.

"Although I hope to graduate this spring, I still think it's a bargain," said Mike Crabtree, a geography major.

"It wouldn't keep me from coming back to graduate school because the benefits of coming to school far outweigh the added cost."

"I'm not at all surprised by this," said Lynn Bondy, a sophomore psychology major. "There are rate increases

everywhere these days and students will be in a tighter bind all around. But, I can't say I blame them. I'll be back next year."

However, Associated Students spokesman Craig Singer, who is member of the Academic Senate, had a different view.

"The CSUC System is in decline, so the quality of education declines and the only way to recover the losses is to have tuition — which they call a fee increase," he said.

"We are well aware that the only means to subsidize the budget is to tax the student. But most students come here because it is supposed to be tuition-free education, so the AS has always opposed the tuition."

"Unfortunately, no matter how organized and insightful we are, we still are a minority voice," said Singer.

Feminist author sparks frenzy

By Lynn Foster

When the Performing Arts Center booked Rita Mae Brown for last week's appearance at SF State, the conflicts surrounding the event were impossible to foresee.

No one knew that Brown's agent would call two days before the scheduled talk and threaten to cancel the show.

No one knew that Brown would walk on stage late and leave half an hour early.

And few understood the controversy she would spark among feminists on campus.

Brown, feminist author and poet, is one of the few self-acclaimed lesbians to gain fame and wealth as a writer. And her uncommon views and abrasive style have caused resentment and anger from right-wingers and radical feminists alike.

When she was 16, a neighbor threatened to shoot her on sight. Years later, she was kicked out of the National Organization for Women and then booted from a Washington, D.C. lesbian collective for her individualistic approach.

Two days before her visit here, she stirred up a frenzy in true Rita Mae style.

The first sign of trouble was an evening phone call to the Performing Arts office. Sydney Goldstein of the College of Marin, acting as Brown's agent, was

ready to cancel the event after learning that Associated Students was selling tickets.

Although she had agreed on a minimal fee for Brown, Goldstein demanded a percentage of the money raised by the 700 tickets sold for \$1 and \$2. (The usual ticket price for Brown is \$7.)

"She didn't get the picture that we were just trying to recover our costs," said Jeff Marmer of Performing Arts. "It was just a misunderstanding. She thinks 'free in Barbary Coast' and suddenly it was 'charged in McKenna Theater.'"

Marmer frantically called a special meeting of the AS Board of Directors on Wednesday night. Less than 24 hours before Brown's appearance, a deal was finally made to pay Brown an additional \$400.

The pre-show misunderstanding was settled. But the public quarrel over Brown had just begun.

Many women regarded Brown's speech as an insightful pep talk from a former political organizer turned successful novelist.

Others saw it as an oversimplified view of the world from a former sister who sold out.

Brown has lived the great American success story with a sassy twist. See BROWN, page 3.

Police sue gay newspaper

By Barbara Grob

The American Civil Liberties Union calls it a matter of free speech. The Police Officer's Association calls it lying.

A \$20 million libel suit has been filed by the POA against the bi-weekly Bay Area Reporter for a story on alleged police misconduct published by the newspaper last May.

The ACLU, defending the gay newspaper in conjunction with a private law firm, has filed a petition in Superior Court to have the suit dismissed.

ACLU attorney Amitai Schwartz said in recent press conference that the suit "is an attempt to intimidate the people of San Francisco from speaking out against police brutality."

Schwartz added, "Police misconduct

or alleged misconduct is too important an issue to be manipulated by a \$20 million libel suit."

The article was written about a meeting of the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club where members discussed alleged police brutality against gays in the city.

Janice Musanti, attorney for the POA said the allegations are false and that the police officers mentioned in the story were not on duty when the alleged incidents occurred.

Schwartz said in a hearing held in San Francisco on Tuesday that the statements have absolute privilege as defined by the Supreme Court and California Civil Code. He said the article was a fair and true report of a public meeting and that statements made were clearly for the public benefit.

Musanti argued that it is not clear from the article that the statements were made by club members at a meeting and could be construed as a first-hand account by the reporter.

John Karr, the reporter who wrote the story, said he feels it is clear the statements were made by club members at the meeting.

Musanti argued before Judge Brown that the newspaper was negligent in its failure to investigate the allegations and that they were made in reckless disregard of the truth. Musanti also questioned whether the meeting was in fact public and if police officers are considered public officials.

Paul Lorch, editor of BAR, says the newspaper did publish the wrong date of

the alleged incident but ran a correction in a later issue.

Police department spokesman Michael Pera described the BAR story as "shocking."

"I think that even the mainstream newspapers were surprised by that one. There are some irresponsible people in the press," said Pera.

Lorch said that the legal battle alone could put the 11-year-old newspaper out of business. He also said that it is a very important first amendment issue.

"This kind of lawsuit has a chilling effect on news reporting. If you walk down a path and get bit by a dog, you are not likely to walk down that path again," he said.

Judge Brown has 90 days to decide whether or not to dismiss the suit.



Phoenix photo: Toru Kawana

The Balloonist of Benihana, Rocky Aoki: 'I'm not afraid to die.'

Balloonists bump home over the big, bad Pacific

By Roger Freels

The crew of the Doyle Eagle V were happy to survive the first Trans-Pacific balloon crossing. They faced a media deluge in Japantown Friday while the storm that had endangered them at sea was still lashing San Francisco.

Friday's press conference took place less than 20 hours after the crew made a shaky landing on a Mendocino County hillside. Three of four crew members, Captain Ben Abruzzo, Ron Clark, and Rocky Aoki, recounted the adventure in Aoki's Benihana restaurant.

"It took one year and six months to do this," Aoki said of the preparations. The flight cost \$1,250,000, a

fifth of that Aoki's own money.

The 43-year-old restaurateur has a penchant for fast living. He spent three months in a hospital two years ago after his jet boat cracked up outside the Golden Gate.

Aoki spent six months training with Ben Abruzzo before the flight. The two had met in a bar in Philadelphia, where Aoki suggested the idea. Though Abruzzo and Larry Newman made the first successful Atlantic balloon crossing, Abruzzo was initially against the idea.

Aoki was persistent. "I was married five days before I left," Aoki said. His wife was nervous but accepted the idea.

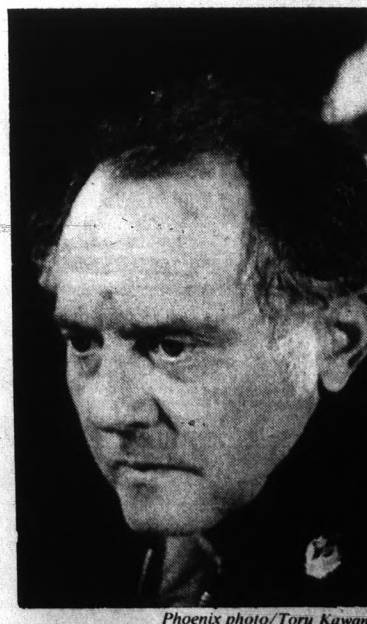
"Leaving Japan, Mt. Fuji was an unbelievable sight; we saw it at first

light," Abruzzo said.

"From the balloon there is no sound," Abruzzo said. "Ron thought he heard an airplane." It was the sound of the ocean stirring beneath them. Despite their altitude, they heard car engines after they'd passed the coast of California.

Their crossing was bumpy due to the weather and "peculiar flying characteristics of the craft," said Abruzzo. The balloon approached 30,000 feet once during the flight. After reaching 20,000 feet, the balloon usually began icing so heavily, its weight would drive them down to lower altitudes where the ice would melt. Then the balloon would rise again. The 18 feet by 8 feet gondola

See BALLOON, page 8.



Phoenix photo: Toru Kawana

Crew captain Ben Abruzzo

THIS WEEK

A CAMPUS CALENDAR

today, nov. 19

There will be a worship service to commemorate Thanksgiving with representatives from four different religions at noon in the Student Union.

Writers Karen Brennan and Laura Jensen will read from their works at 12:30 p.m. in Student Union rooms A-E. Admission is free. The event is sponsored by the Poetry Center.

Eldridge Cleaver will be speaking in McKenna Theatre II, the Creative Arts Building (though previously advertised for Knuth Hall) at 3 p.m. Admission is free.

The Art Gallery presents "Richard Higgs — Paintings and Collages," a collection of mixed media collages and acrylic paintings. The exhibit will run through Dec. 3 and the gallery hours are: Monday and Wednesday, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

monday, nov. 23

The La Raza Business Organization is having a meeting in J. Paul Leonard Library room 24 on the basement level at noon. It is open to all who are interested.

"The Hidden History of Economics," a discussion of early classical economists by Dr. Michael Perelman from California State University, Chico, will be at 2 p.m. in Student Union room B-114. Sponsored by Economics Student Association.

"The Unholy War," a one-hour expose on Middle East terrorism, will be shown at 3:30 p.m. in Student Union rooms A-E. This episode of ABC's 20/20 is sponsored by the Jewish Students Action Zionist Youth Federation.

tuesday, nov. 24

The General Union of Palestinian Students presents "Solidarity with the Palestinian Political Prisoners." There will be speakers in Student Union plaza from noon to 1 p.m. Films and folkdancers will be in the Barbary Coast from 12 to 12:30 p.m. Middle Eastern food will also be on sale. For information, call 469-1908.

wednesday, nov. 25

Mauricio Duarte, a leader from the General Association of Salvadoran Students, will speak about the revolution in El Salvador in the Barbary Coast at 11 a.m. Sponsored by SAUSIES and PSU.

The Gay and Lesbian Campus Community is hosting an Open House to get people involved and aware of its activities. They'll be celebrating Thanksgiving and serving refreshments for all who stop by. The Open House will be from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. in the GLCC Backroom in the Student Union.

NEIGHBORHOODS

OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

City's 'worst area' is changing

By Larry Deblinger

Surrounded by a bleak, seven-block stretch of vacant lots, an elderly woman works diligently, clearing weeds from the Frederick Douglas Community Garden on Fillmore Street in the heart of the Western Addition.

Although it has been labeled the city's worst area for street crime and is widely regarded as a danger zone where muggers lurk in the shadows of crumbling public housing, the Western Addition is home for many people who take pride in their community.

"I like this area, I wouldn't want to move," said Anthony Powell, 17, who has lived in the Western Addition for about 15 years. "Crime is not as high as they say. I don't feel nervous walking around here at night. Most of the people are really nice."

A wide range of community centers and organizations are evidence of a positive force battling some severe problems in the Western Addition, which is just west of the Civic Center. Lower Pacific Heights lies to the north and Alamo Square to the south. Hayes Valley is on its western border.

"Crime is astronomical here, we need more police," said Dr. Eddie C. Welborn, 53, a resident of the neighborhood for 18 years.

The Western Addition was a thriving community of Japanese, Russians, Filipinos and Jews until World War II, when a transformation took place. The Japanese were seized and moved to internment camps. They were replaced by blacks who had come to the city to take jobs in the new wartime shipyards. When the shipyards closed, the unskilled black workers could not readjust, partially because discrimination precluded educational and training opportunities.

Business began to falter and crime rose. The neighborhood was eventually considered a blighted area by city planners. In 1948, the Western Addition was designated a redevelopment area by the city, beginning a 30-year program of massive housing construction.

The program did not succeed in curing the Western Addition's more profound problems — rooted in racial, social and economic factors. The Western Addition was 59 percent black in 1979. Public housing accounts for 9 percent of housing in the neighborhood compared to 6 percent citywide.

The June 24 shooting of a British tourist in the Western Addition this year brought simmering tensions to a head. Businessmen, frustrated by a slow tourist season, demanded, and got a police crackdown in the area. Some residents welcomed the extra 12 police officers assigned to the area. But others complained of an armed-camp atmosphere, and a portion of the extra force was withdrawn.

The tourist mugger problem was complicated, in part, by a map distributed to many tourists that erroneously depicted Golden Gate Park as being just a short walk through the Western Addition from City Hall.

"When you've got a lot of tourists wandering through an area with Public Housing projects there's bound to be a lot of purse snatching," said Dan, a resident of the Western Addition for 20 years, who preferred his last name not be used. "I still think this is a nice neighborhood. The media has exaggerated the situation."

Most of the crime in the Western Addition takes place in the northern end of the neighborhood, around three large public housing projects including the notorious "Pink Palace" on Turk Street, according to police department statistics. Dan was a Housing Authority policeman at the Pink Palace for a year and a half.

"The biggest problem is the high density. Any time you've got that many poor people living close in (the Pink Palace has 800 units), you're gonna have trouble," he said. "The worst



Troy King and Maurice Campbell work a skit with Kermit at the Western Addition Cultural Center.

thing is dope-pushing — a lot of heroin."

"There are families on a welfare syndrome, sometimes for three generations," Dan continued. "Those people never even get out of the neighborhood. Some of the kids there have never seen the Golden Gate Bridge."

Most muggings in the Western Addition are committed by teenagers, sometimes by boys only 12 years old, said Mike Pera, public affairs officer for the Police Department.

One 16-year-old boy said, "They want money for weed and clothes."

Why do they resort to crime?

"Just because they think they bad, that's all," he said. "They'll go after anyone who looks like they got money and is easy to take (beat up). You can always spot the tourists because they look confused and ask people questions on the street."

The good news is that robberies in the Western Addition dropped 19.1 percent in the past three months, said Pera.

"We don't really know why," he said. "But my guess is that the drop in robberies is because of more community involvement."

Operation Contact, one of several community anti-crime organizations, was formed two months ago by members of the community to help young people look for jobs, stay in school and avoid a life of crime.

"I think the problem is that everything is our society gears us to the idea of instant gratification, especially TV," said Darlene Coles of Operation Contact. "We have to teach young people that school and a job is a worthwhile way to get what you want even if it is a slower process."

Unfortunately, job opportunities for unskilled teenagers are almost nonexistent, according to Charles Robinson, Director of the State Employment Development Office in the Western Addition.

"It is a very dim picture for 17- or 18-year-olds who either dropped out of school or don't have basic language skills even if they did graduate," he said. "You're dealing with young people who are extremely discouraged, who have had no success in school, at work, in life. It's a big step for them to even come into the office."

Community centers in the Western Addition play an important role in keeping young people off the streets. The Western Addition Cultural Center, for example, provides an opportunity to find a creative outlet and develop artistic skills.

The Western Addition is due for a mixed bag of changes in the coming year.

For 20 years businessmen, developers and such officials as Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, tried and failed to finance plans for commercial development on the seven blocks of open land along Fillmore Street. Safeway now plans to build a store and a 60,000 square-foot office building there. Market-rate townhouses and condominiums are tentatively planned for the area.

The Pink Palace is being converted to an all-senior citizen housing project which will force the relocation of 212 families, and along Divisadero street the steady influx of gays is changing the face of the neighborhood.

See WESTERN, page 8.

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P185-BR17	BR17-17	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR18	BR18-18	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR19	BR19-19	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR20	BR20-20	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR21	BR21-21	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR22	BR22-22	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR23	BR23-23	72.25	2.00	70.25
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P185-BR95	BR95-95	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR96	BR96-96	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR97	BR97-97	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR98	BR98-98	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR99	BR99-99	72.25	2.00	70.25
P185-BR100	BR100-100	72.25	2.00	70.25

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	P205-70R-14	DR70-14	75.48	2.55
	P215-70R-14	ER70-14	78.84	2.65
P	P225-70R-14	FR70-14	71.92	2.84
	P225-70R-15	GR70-15	89.96	2.89
P	P235-60R-13	AR60-13	70.95	2.63

There's no place like home...

By Bruce Bjorum
& Anne Dawid

Flying to Los Angeles? Take your pick of six airports. Flying excursion fare for Christmas to New York City? Try World Airways from Oakland to Newark. Haven't bought a ticket yet for Thanksgiving in Chicago? Sorry, but you'll have to fly coach rate at this late date.

According to Julie Hargrove of Travel Advisors in Sunnyvale, excursion, economy, and coach are the three basic low-cost air travel fares. Excursion flights require advance purchase of 14 days and have minimum and maximum stay requirements. Usually it means that you must stay at least one Saturday at your destination, but not more than 60 days should pass before you fly back.

Economy rates apply to limited seating in coach, in some markets. They are usually the result of a fare war. Any flight will offer only a certain number of economy seats.

Coach flights have no restrictions, and thus are the most expensive of the three. According to Courtney Mitchell at

discounts, and reservations should be made as soon as possible.

On Berkeley Ride Center bus trips to Seattle, breakfast is provided.

On certain Eastern trips east, buses stop at supermarkets where the group buys food together. Travelers have cookouts, picnics and stop at various places to picnic, including hot springs in New Mexico.

On Berkeley Ride Center trips east, the group stops once daily at supermarket, and twice at restaurants. Travelers must call 94 to 48 hours before departure date to find out exact departure time.

All three bus companies stop at cities along the main routes before reaching their destinations. Call to find out details about cities not listed here. Grey Rabbit: 428-2905, Green Tortoise: 368-1798 and Berkeley Ride Center: 524-5404.

Cars

If a bus is too crowded, a carpooling service is available through the Berkeley Ride Center. For a \$10 deposit, the center arranges a ride or riders within five days or money is refunded. A 24-hour, tape-recorded Ride Line at 527-0352 lists rides, riders, their destinations and phone numbers. The deposit places the traveler's name on the Ride Line. "Call as soon as you've made up your mind," says the Berkeley Ride Center at 524-5404.

Another possibility is driving someone else's car. At Embarcadero Service, 785 Market St., students over 21 can pay a \$150 deposit, furnish two local references and an address of destination and then drive away.

The service supplies the first tank of gas, a specific route and "limited but adequate" time limit and mileage. Drivers get their deposit returned upon arrival at their destination, provided they have followed particular specifications. Students should call 660-3661 in advance for a Driveway car. For information call 777-3400.

Los Angeles International, John Wayne, Ontario and Long Beach.

San Francisco has two other airports — Oakland and San Jose. For Christmas, you could fly PSA or Air California from San Jose for \$36 one-way or \$72 round-trip.

From San Francisco, Delta has a \$36 one-way to Los Angeles. Often United offers an economy fare of \$39 one-way. These are not excursion fares; they depend on availability.

AMTRAK: one way, \$48.50/time estimate, 11 hours/excursion, \$83/departures, once daily.

GREYHOUND: one way, \$27.15/time estimate, eight hours express/round trip, \$51.60/departures, 15 daily, including six express.

GREY RABBIT: No trips south.

GREEN TORTOISE: No stops in Los Angeles.

BERKELEY RIDE CENTER BUS: one way, \$20/time estimate, seven hours/no round trip fare/departures, Nov. 21, Dec. 16, 18 and 20 from Berkeley BART stations.



Rocky Mt. High

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO WANT TO spend the holidays schussing down the famous slopes of Colorado, there's a regular one-way coach fare of \$237 on major airline carriers. The flight takes two and a half hours. During the Christmas holidays, TWA offers a \$199 round-trip fare to Denver while United's Supersaver excursion fare will run you \$300 for a round-trip flight to the Bronco's turf.

AMTRAK: one way, \$152/time estimate, 29 hours/excursion, \$213/departures, once daily.

GREYHOUND: one way, \$124.20/time estimate, 30 hours/round trip, \$236/departures, three daily.

GREY RABBIT, GREEN TORTOISE

AND BERKELEY RIDE CENTER BUSES: no stops in Colorado during the winter, although Green Tortoise does make stops there in the summer.



Puget Sound Good?

FOR THANKSGIVING, ONE-WAY coach fare is \$79. For Christmas, there are all sorts of economy fares to Seattle. Republic Airlines and Air California fly out of San Jose for \$152 round-trip. Out of San Francisco, Republic and United offer a \$158 round-trip limited seating fare, but the prize goes to Pan Am with a \$138 round-trip limited seating fare. Excursion fares run about \$242 round-trip on United Supersaver or Western. The flight takes two hours.

AMTRAK: one way, \$93/time estimate, 21 hours/excursion, \$149/departures, once daily.

GREYHOUND: one way, \$90.60/time estimate, 20 hours/round trip, \$172.12/departures, five daily.

GREY RABBIT: one way, \$49/time estimate, 22 hours/round trip, \$96/departures, Fridays and Sundays at 7 p.m. through December, special Christmas Eve trip and Nov. 24 at 7 p.m. and Nov. 25 at 4 p.m. from Berkeley Ashby BART station.

GREEN TORTOISE: one way, \$49/time estimate, 22 hours/round trip, \$98/departures, Tuesdays and Fridays at noon. Special trips on Nov. 20 and 25 at 4 p.m., and Dec. 22, 24 and 29 at 9 a.m. from Embarcadero Y.M.C.A.

BERKELEY RIDE CENTER BUS: one way, \$49/time estimate, 20 hours/round trip, \$98/departures, Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p.m. from Embarcadero Y.M.C.A. Special trips on Nov. 23 (Dec. 1 trip canceled) at 4 p.m. and Dec. 22, 24, 29 and Jan. 2 at 9 a.m.



Home of the Dome

REGULAR COACH FARES, available for Thanksgiving, are \$334 one-way. The flight takes three and a half hours. The bargain for Christmas to Houston is Frontier Airlines out of Oakland. According to Kathy Gavend at the airline, it's an excursion fare, so you have to stay at least one Friday night. Frontier flies to Hobby Airport, the old airport, which is 10 miles southeast of downtown Houston.

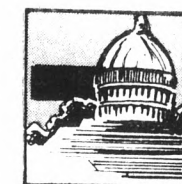
AMTRAK: one way, \$214.50/time estimate, 50 hours/excursion, \$316/departures, once daily.

GREYHOUND: one way, \$133.25/time estimate, two days/round trip, \$266.50/departures, five daily.

GREY RABBIT: no eastern trip until spring.

GREEN TORTOISE: one way, \$109/time estimate, five days/no round trip fare/departures, Dec. 11 and 16 at 7 p.m. from Embarcadero Y.M.C.A.

BERKELEY RIDE CENTER BUS: closest stop is Amarillo; one way, \$79/time estimate, 40 hours/no round trip fare/departures, Nov. 21, Dec. 16, 18 and 20 from Berkeley BART stations.



Capital Capital

REGULAR COACH RATE IS \$325 one-way for Thanksgiving. Excursion rates in December are \$450 round-trip on the major carriers, or \$390 round trip after 9 p.m. The flight takes five hours. World Airways offers an excursion fare from Oakland to Baltimore (Dulles and National are the other two Washington airports) of \$360 round-trip during the day or \$332 round-trip at night. Book a week in advance.

AMTRAK: one way, \$297/time estimate, four and one-half days/excursion, \$435/departures, once daily.

GREYHOUND: one way, \$133.25/time estimate, three days/round trip, \$266.50/departures, three daily.

GREY RABBIT: no eastern trips until spring.

GREEN TORTOISE: one way, \$159/travel time, eight days/no round trip fare/departures, Dec. 11 and 16 at 7 p.m. from Embarcadero Y.M.C.A.

BERKELEY RIDE CENTER BUSES: no stops in Washington, D.C.



The Windy City

A ONE-WAY TRIP TO THAT "TODDLIN' TOWN"

lying coach fare at Thanksgiving will be \$368. The non-stop flight is four hours. Excursion fares are \$378 at day or \$318 at night to Chicago on United. However, Northwest Orient Airlines offers at \$258 round-trip fare, on a certain number of seats, with no advance ticketing needed.

AMTRAK: one way, \$206/time estimate, three days/excursion, \$289/departures, once daily.

GREYHOUND: one way, \$133.25/time estimate, 53 hours/round trip, \$266.50/departures, three daily.

GREY RABBIT: no eastern trips until spring.

GREEN TORTOISE: does not go through Chicago in winter.

BERKELEY RIDE CENTER BUS: closest stop is Amtrak station in Effingham, Ill. one way, \$99/time estimate, two and one-half days/no round trip fare/departures, Nov. 21, Dec. 16, 18 and 20 from Berkeley BART stations.

INSIGHT

ISSUES IN FOCUS

University Travel in Palo Alto, people who have not bought their Thanksgiving tickets at this point will end up flying coach.

"Book Christmas immediately," Hargrove warns.

I expect to pay coach rates for Thanksgiving, and mull over these excursion fares to save money at Christmas time. Meals are provided on all flights except those to Los Angeles and Seattle, according to Mitchell, but drinks will cost you unless you go first-class, and stereo headsets rent for \$2 to \$3.

A GUIDE TO GROUND TRAVEL

Airplanes may be quick, but there are other ways to get from here to there.

Amtrak

Amtrak trips need to be reserved way in advance, and most holiday trips are already filled, but openings are always possible. Call Amtrak at 982-8512 or Great Western Tour at 398-2994 to find out if room exists on the desired route. All price estimates are for coach fares only. Excursion rates are for round trips with time specifications. The elderly and handicapped get a 25 percent discount on one-way fares. Travelers can leave from the Transbay Terminal.

Greyhound

On Greyhound, students won't have to hassle with reservations because there are none. Travelers should arrive 45 minutes before departure to buy tickets. Handicapped persons may bring a companion who can ride free. Besides regular fares, Greyhound offers an Ameripass, which permits unlimited travel for seven days at \$186.50, and 15 days at \$239.85. For more information, call 433-1500.

Alternative buses

Three other buslines also go long distances but cost less and are part of the fun of traveling — not just transportation. The Grey Rabbit, Green Tortoise and Berkeley Ride Center buses (also called the Grey Rabbit) have their conventional seats removed, hold 30 to 40 people, and are set up like campers, complete with bunks and refrigerators. There are no special



The Big Apple

CAPITOL AIRLINES OFFERS A RATE of \$154 one-way which you may still be able to get for Thanksgiving. However, Capitol doesn't fly eastbound on Tuesday or Wednesday. It flies westbound every day except Wednesday and Thursday. You can fly to any of three New York airports, La Guardia, JFK, or Newark, New Jersey. It's about five and a half hours each way. For Christmas, excursion fares on American, United, and TWA are \$450 round-trip, \$390 if you fly after 9 p.m. Also, you can fly World Airways from New York to Newark for \$166 one way if you book a week in advance.

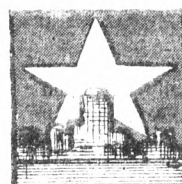
AMTRAK: one way, \$313/time estimate, four days/excursion, \$461/departures, once daily.

GREYHOUND: one way, \$133.25/time estimate, three days/round trip, \$266.50/departures, three daily.

GREY RABBIT: No eastern trips until spring.

GREEN TORTOISE: One way, \$159/time estimate, eight days/no round trip fare/departures, Dec. 11 and 16 at 7 p.m. from Embarcadero Y.M.C.A.

BERKELEY RIDE CENTER BUS: One way, \$109/time estimate, five days/round trip fare/departures, Nov. 21, Dec. 16, 18 and 20 from Berkeley BART stations.



City of Angels

ON MAJOR AIRLINES, FOR THANKSGIVING, you may be able to get a \$118 round-trip coach ticket if they're available. The flight takes one hour. There are six different Los Angeles airports. These are Hollywood Burbank,

Anthro teachers face job cuts

By Kerry Hamill

After nine and a half years of teaching in SF State's Anthropology Department, Mina Caulfield has found her chances of returning in the spring slim.

A memo sent to Anthropology Chairman James Hirabayashi by School of Behavioral and Social Sciences Dean Devere Pentony last spring warned, "If it turns out that your department has overspent in the fall, I will expect a payback in the spring."

Caulfield may be that payback.

Because she is a part-time lecturer and not a permanent faculty member, each semester she must be re-hired by the school.

"She is a lecturer," said Pentony, "a very lecturer in this school is put on a high every single semester."

The anthropology linguist, Katherine Blaustetter, is also a part-time lecturer and may not teach in the spring.

"Hiring lecturers within the department is essential because it rounds out your program," says Hirabayashi.

Caulfield has become very popular within the Anthropology Department, according to students.

Her unique approach to her courses has "drawn many students into the department" according to Pentony and Hirabayashi.

When Caulfield announced to her "International Corporations and World Cultures" class that she probably would not return in the spring, several students organized a petition drive on her behalf. Through the anthropology office, they have made clear their desire to keep Caulfield on the department's staff.

"The department is doing everything they can to encourage students to back Mina," said Kate Liddell, secretary of the Anthropology Department office. "Her student evaluations are always excellent because her approach to the subject is new and it excites students."

Caulfield's approach to anthropology is "state of the art," according to Renee Lagloire, an anthropology senior and circulator of the "Keep Caulfield" petition.

"She does not look at anthropology as a closed system. Her main focus is the effect colonialism has on world cultures. Let's face it, there are few untouched cultures left to be discovered," said Lagloire.

BSS, like other schools, is allotted a number of positions each year from the provost's office, said Pentony. Those

positions are then allocated among various programs and departments within the BSS school.

"These allocations are governed by the number of tenure and non-tenured teachers we have," said Pentony. "Whatever position time is left is available to give to the department's lecturers," he said.

There will be little room left over for lecturers in the spring semester, said Pentony. Caulfield was allowed to teach in the fall because of the department's allotment. Pentony added,

"Full-time, full-time, and full-time in Anthropology, and the full-time extends to many social sciences, including the Department. Faculty time is allocated a department based on its enrollment of numbers. Lectures will not be determined definitively in the School of Behavioral and Social Sciences until after CAR registration in January."

"The situation is ironic," said Caulfield. "I was given a one-year contract this year, which is very rare. But it means nothing. In the time print of the contract it says this is subject to termination if the dean decides the department has other needs. I have five kids. It's a little late for me to look for a spring teaching job," she said.

In addition to faculty layoffs, the plan proposes that 300 class sections be dropped next semester and that no new equipment purchases be made. Faculty duties other than teaching, such as research, will also be reduced

Academic Senate meeting

Faculty slots may get budget ax

By E.A. O'Hara

The Executive Committee of the SF State Academic Senate meets today to deal with Provost Lawrence Lanni's cost-cutting plan to strip \$231,000 from faculty and staff salaries allocations. The cut could mean the layoff of 65 faculty members next semester.

Lanni presented the plan to the senate Tuesday, stressing the need for a quick reaction. Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke has given campuses a Dec. 7 deadline to come up with plans to offset the 2 percent — \$20 million — cut to the fiscal year 1981-82 budget. Lanni's plan is due next Tuesday to President Paul F. Romberg. The senate promised its response by Monday.

In addition to faculty layoffs, the plan proposes that 300 class sections be dropped next semester and that no new equipment purchases be made.

Faculty duties other than teaching, such as research, will also be reduced

by 25 percent, Lanni said. This cut would not reduce salaries, he said, but would increase instructor's classroom time, enabling the layoff of lecturers.

The Lanni plan will also delete June "faculty pay-offs," a tradition of paying retiring and laid-off faculty members their remaining salary in June. Continuing professors are paid the spring semester. However, Lanni said that pay-off savings are "only buying us time."

The proposed layoffs and class-section cuts will also mean more students in classes next semester.

Lanni said the student-to-faculty ratio adjustments would not be made across the board, but would depend on needs of the different departments.

Some senators argued that the adjustment should be made across the board.

Citing a continuing lack of senate familiarity with budget procedures, Richard Axen, professor of education, made a motion to form a

special, or ad-hoc committee to study the Lanni plan, get faculty response, and report its findings to the senate. The senate approved the motion but has yet to appoint the committee.

At the California State University and Colleges Academic Senate in Long Beach Nov. 12 and 13, Chancellor Dumke recommended \$18 million in program cuts and an increase of \$216 to full-time student fees during the 1982-83 academic year. The fee increase, approved Wednesday by the Board of Trustees, would raise \$51 million, and \$10 million of that would be reserved for student financial assistance.

Robert Cherny, history professor at SF State and CSUC Academic Senate member, said that the senate reluctantly endorsed the fee increase after lengthy discussion of budget issues. According to Cherny, Dumke argued that because of greater pressures on public funds, public education will have to depend increasingly on private sources.

"Dumke claimed that CSUC is

"way out of line" in its charges when compared to other institutions," said Cherny.

"He asserted that he has not found a single instance in recent years where increases in fees have brought enrollment declines."

CSUC senators did not approve a plan to institute a \$25 tuition per semester for full-time students. Cherny explained that by law no more than \$25 in tuition — direct payment for instruction — may be charged at public institutions. However, the amount of student fees — payment for buildings and materials — is not limited by law.

The CSUC senate did endorse two controversial resolutions: the creation of a foreign language requirement, and the change in admission policy to require four years of high school English and two years of high school math.

SF State's Academic Senate has criticized both resolutions.

Gators will mince words with top-ranked debaters

By Jim Muyo

SF State's nationally ranked debate team will shift into high gear for a tough assignment this weekend. The team, fifth in the nation, will meet the No. 1-ranked UCLA Bruins in the California State University, Northridge Invitational Friday and Saturday in Los Angeles.

Despite having already defeated UCLA, and Brigham Young University which is ranked second, the Gators are in fifth place because they have competed in fewer matches according to SF State Director of Forensics Larry Metcalf.

The Gators downed UCLA in the quarterfinals of the UC Berkeley tournament earlier this year and then defeated BYU in the semifinals before whipping Weber State of Montana for the title.

The Gators are no strangers to success in the realm of debate. Last year the squad finished the season ranked 16th in the nation, thanks largely to the performances of Jeff Kaiser and Sean Curran.

The team of Kaiser and Curran went through the preliminary round of the Sacramento State Invitational with a 6-0 record and then swept the quarterfinals and semifinals before winning the tournament by a 2-1 margin over Long

Beach State. SF State won the tournament held November 6-8 by defeating 26 teams.

The tournament proved to be a showcase for Kaiser and Curran, who form SF State's best two-man team. Kaiser was given the award for the best speaker at the tournament and Curran was declared the third best speaker. The win at Sacramento was the third championship this year for the pair, who also won the UC Berkeley tournament and the Redwood Invitational at Humboldt State.

The team of Lisa Sullivan and Cliff Nivling took fourth place in Sacramento in the Cross-Examination Debate Association debate.

Metcalf says the Gators should remain at least fifth in the next poll and could possibly move up because of the win in Sacramento.

The debate in the Northridge tournament will be a battle of a David against a Goliath as far as the Gators are concerned about UCLA.

"UCLA has full scholarship programs, twice our budget and grad assistants in debate," said Metcalf, who noted that SF State has no scholarships and no graduate assistants.

"We're strong because our kids are real bright and work hard, up to 15 and 20 hours a week," said Metcalf.

Brown

Continued from page 1.

fought her way up from a poor Florida farmhouse to a \$400,000 Virginia mansion without ever losing her lesbian pride.

Her fans see her as the working-class lesbian's model of success, while her critics say she is a political weapon lost to the jetset.

Some cheered as Brown said, "Poor is poor no matter what color you are" and spoke of women binding themselves in a "victim mentality."

"Why sit there and say, 'Oh, it's awful, it's awful,'" she said. "I don't see anybody burning crosses on your lawn . . . I don't care what's happening in your life, you're strong enough to overcome it. So do it and please don't bother me with it."

Kim Corsaro of the Women's Center reacted bitterly. "There are a lot of people who are black and poor that aren't just victimizing themselves," she said. "There are a whole lot of external things

working against them."

"Rita can't understand everyday racism," said Julie Johnson after the speech: "Crosses may not be burned on your lawn, but you still can't walk down the street."

Brown reeled off biting one-liners throughout her hour-long speech. (She cut off an hour of her presentation because of "time commitments.")

"The people making the most noise about hating homosexuals are the people who have not been invited to the party," she said.

"And as for the Moral Majority, I say we throw them in the Pacific Ocean. And if they can walk on water, then we believe them."

Her jokes sparked laughter and cheers from most of the audience. "They're the only things I enjoyed," said Lorraine Grassano. "She didn't say very much about anything concerning politics."

She's praying for Food Drive help



Phoenix photo/Tom Levy

Ten boxes hungry for donations

Not everyone will be fortunate enough to have a traditional Thanksgiving dinner next Thursday, especially the needy. The Undergraduate Social Work Club and the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority are co-sponsoring a Thanksgiving food drive on campus.

Donation boxes are located at the information desks in the New Administration Building and Student Union; the first floors of the library and Old Science building; the Department of Public Safety Office; the social work office, PSY 420; the health center; the psychology office, PSY 301; the Golden Gate office, SCI 109; and the Phoenix office, HLL 207.

The drive will last until Tuesday and the food will be given to the San Francisco Department of Social Services, which will distribute the food to needy families in the city. Undergraduate Social Work Club member Kathy Loughran, pictured in the photo, waits for SF students to donate can goods and other non-perishables.

SF supes adopt equal pay policy

By Lynn Foster

How much is a comparable worth resolution worth?

San Francisco city supervisors debated the issue for almost three hours before adopting the measure.

The board's action Monday made it city policy to pay equal salaries to city employees in jobs of comparable worth.

But the supervisors agreed it was merely a symbolic gesture toward eliminating pay inequities between the higher paying jobs traditionally held by men and the lower paying jobs held by women.

According to the City Attorney's office, the policy cannot take effect without a city charter amendment, which only the voters can adopt.

"This is only a minor step toward the elimination of discrimination in the city," said Supervisor Harry Britt.

"It is only a statement of the philosophy the board wants to take," said Supervisor Doris Ward.

"It's just plain unreasonable," said Supervisor Lee Dolson, who

voted against the resolution. "It doesn't make sense to tell people we're doing something when in reality we're not."

As the supervisors argued the worth of the resolution, amending and re-amending it, the clerical workers who would be affected by the measure quietly took notes.

A member of the Civil Service Commission compared the resolution's guideline to the "economics of communist countries" because it allows the government to set its own standards for wages instead of depending on those set by the marketplace.

Referring to the strategy of equal pay for different jobs requiring the same skill levels and education, Commissioner Darrell Salomon said, "We are literally comparing an apple with an orange. It is beyond my understanding."

His commission will study the resolution and report back to the board with its feasibility findings.

It is not until the supervisors see these findings that they can decide the true worth of the comparable worth measure.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

STUDENT DENTAL PLAN, enroll now! Save your teeth and money too! Information A.S. Office or phone 681-6900, call now!

Join the Thanksgiving spirit and donate to the food drive sponsored by the Social Work Club and Alpha Kappa Alpha. Bring all food donations to the Student Union lobby, gym, psych. bldg., health center or dining center btw. Nov. 16 & 24.

Students for a United Ireland meet every Wed. and Thurs. B118 and B119 at noon in the Student Union.

Shop for the Holidays at the Crafts Fair, Monday, December 7 and Tuesday, December 8 in the Student Union.

S.F. State Ceramic Guild's Annual X-Mas Pottery Sale, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, SU Basement, 10 am-6 pm. Great Gift Selection.

Washington University Law School on Campus, Monday, Nov. 23, 10 am. Career Center, OAdm. 212. Women and Third World Students Encouraged!

University of Denver, School of Librarianship, and Information Services, on campus Thursday, Nov. 19, 10 am. Career Planning Placement Office.

Pre-medical students interested in participating in the Martinez pre-medical counseling and volunteer program call Kim or Karen at 469-3833 or 751-9713.

TWO HEAVY HITTERS TOUCH BASES ON BATS, BALLS, AND BEER.

BOOG POWELL (Former American Baseball Great): Koichi here has been giving me a new angle on baseball. It seems the game's a little different in Japan.

KOICHI NUMAZAWA (Former Japanese Baseball Great): そう、例えばフィールドが小さめですね。

BOOG: That's right. The field is

smaller over there.

KOICHI: つまり、ショートで小さめな日本人の体格に合わせたんですよ。

BOOG: Well, now that you mentioned it, I guess you guys are kinda smaller. Does that mean you drink Lite Beer 'cause it's less filling?

KOICHI: いやー、おいしいから飲むんですよ。

BOOG: Tastes great? That's why I drink it, too! I guess we have a lot more in common than I thought.

KOICHI: その通り! どうです、日本の野球チームに入りませんか。

BOOG: Me? I'm too big to play on a Japanese team.

KOICHI: そんなことないですよ、ショートに最適ですよ。

BOOG: Shortstop? Very funny.



©1981 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Opinion

Will AWACS bring peace?

By Rick Narcisso

The recent U.S. Senate approval of a \$5.8 billion arms sale to Saudi Arabia, which included five AWACS radar detection planes, was not the "monster" critics made it out to be.

Nor did the sale reek of anti-Semitism or war mongering.

The sale does, however, represent for the first time a realistic approach to bringing security and stability to the Persian Gulf area through a secret U.S.-Saudi defense strategy aimed at protecting Middle Eastern oil fields.

Just days after President Reagan's Oct. 28 come-from-behind AWACS victory, the Washington Post reported that the sale is just the beginning of what may become an extremely fast and effective security network intended to quash both internal uprisings and major Gulf invasions by superpowers such as the Soviet Union.

Israeli response to the sale itself was vehement. Prime Minister Menachem Begin, in the early stages of the Senate battle, sent Reagan a letter blasting Saudi intentions and promptly sent an "information squad" of lobbyists and government officials to Washington to work toward congressional disapproval of the sale.

And it is easy to see why the Israelis feel left out in the cold. With the exception of Egypt, nearly every Arab state has either failed to recognize Israel's right to exist or vowed to ensure its destruction.

But, above all, it must be remembered that virtually every administration official from the least important Pentagon official right up to Reagan himself pledged continued support to Jerusalem before, during and after the approval of the AWACS.

For any American politician to deny this support would be like signing his or her own death warrant. The political power of the Jewish community in this country is stronger than perhaps any other identifiable block of voters.

That power was handily demonstrated with the AWACS vote. There would have been little to stop a similar sale to Sweden.

But, Sweden does not need AWACS; the Middle East does. At the same time, the United States can use all of the allies it can get, particularly around the Gulf.

The general populations and government officials of both Israel and the United States must sooner or later face some very sobering realities regarding the Camp David peace accords and Middle East security.

For starters, Egypt's Anwar Sadat, a principal mover and mediator behind the Camp David accords, is dead and his

successor, Hosni Mubarak, has yet to demonstrate his ability as a leader. In fact, Mubarak has already made overtures about reconciling with other Arab states, possibly in an effort to quiet outraged Moslem fundamentalist groups which lauded Sadat's murder.

The Camp David plan can never be implemented unless negotiations with the Palestine Liberation Organization are arranged, and an independent Palestinian state is created. Although Israeli officials still plan to return occupied Sinai land to Egypt in April, they and American officials have yet to make any attempt to deal with the PLO. Even if this were to happen the PLO would probably stand firm and demand a section of East Jerusalem in return for recognition of Israel — an act which Israel would hardly accept.

Also important is the fact that the United States, through its staunch support of Israel, has alienated much of the rest of the moderate Arab world.

A current example of this alienation is Jordan's King Hussein, whom U.S. News and World Report calls, "A key Arab leader in the U.S. campaign for peace in the Middle East." He became impatient with the United States and announced to Reagan at a Washington meeting last week that he had gone ahead and bought a package of surface-to-air missiles from the Soviet Union.

As Rep. Pete McCloskey (R-Menlo Park) said on a recent television show, "Every nation in this world has the right to buy arms, and although we do not want to arm the world, they will buy them from the Soviets or the British or the French."

Disregarding Camp David is no answer, but U.S. support of it as the only method of Middle East peace is to deny the existence and rights of all other Arab states.

The secret U.S.-Saudi defense strategy is a step toward bringing the rest of the Arab world into the peace process.

According to the Post, the United States has agreed to provide a complicated command-and-control system (called a C-3 system) to be used to tie together AWACS, F-15 fighter jets, surface-to-air missiles, ground radar, and the U.S. Rapid Deployment Force.

The system can survey and protect thousands of square miles at once, including the nations of Oman, the United Arab Emirates, Kuwait, Bahrain and Qatar.

Operating without budgetary restrictions of less prosperous states, the Saudis and Americans have laid the cornerstones of what may become a consensus for peace among nations in addition to Egypt and Israel.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Marijuana

It was almost seven years ago that I wrote a signed editorial in the Phoenix asking for more time before being asked to vote on its non-criminal use. At that time I simply felt skeptical over anything that so many people saw as a panacea to the tensions of this world.

So, in August, 1981 Discover, the news magazine of science, presented us what they called "Marijuana: Bad News and Good."

Evidently, Commentary (Nov. 5, Phoenix) author Phil Reser hasn't seen this article.

According to Discover, 27 states have approved the distribution of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) for medical purposes. Glaucoma victims smoke joints to ease intraocular pressure. Good.

According to the article in Discover THC also relieves the violent nausea and vomiting which can accompany chemotherapy. Great.

These are beneficial uses of the drug. Fine, after seven years we have reason to believe that these good effects come from THC, the psychoactive ingredient

of marijuana. But the plant yields 400 chemicals. THC turns into 25 other compounds when consumed by humans.

It makes the human heart beat much faster. It has produced brain damage in laboratory animals (monkeys and rats).

Pregnant women are advised by physicians to not use the drug because it creates birth defects in animals in laboratory conditions.

No less than Dr. Reese Jones, of Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute in San Francisco said, "Not long ago I wouldn't have guessed just how complicated marijuana is. No we're finding out, it could be only a matter of time before the dangers are manifest."

After all, it took 60 years of cigarette smoking to realize the connection between lung cancer and smoking cigarettes.

There are many who find it easy to support the decriminalization of grass on grounds that its personal, private — no one's business. "Alcohol is even more dangerous," they say.

Will adding another drug to our government's ok list change the bad things that marijuana can do, and will it alter the damage to lives already done?

There are follow-up studies being done right now, on marijuana, in Greece, Costa Rica, Israel and this country.

There are enough reasons already to wait and see.

When Phoenix publishes three articles in a single issue (in addition to the opinion piece there was an article about head shops, and a "Backwards" on growers of marijuana) about a drug as controversial as grass has become, it begins to look like lobbying.

We would abhor a newspaper that appeared to advocate the use of PCB's by PG&E.

No one would believe a publication that said asbestos is safe.

Since marijuana research is inconclusive, but proceeding, it is more wise to postpone any further votes on its legal status.

R.C. Morgan-Wilde

Justice?

Once in a rare while a letter to some public official will bring a reply that deserves "classic" status. Here's one:

I had written to President of the California State Senate Robert, to ask whether the Senate planned to expel Senator John Schmitz of Anaheim/Disneyland. Schmitz publicly stated that if Congress didn't pass all of the Reagan economic package, the U.S. "should have a good old-fashioned military coup." Clearly this remark is inconsistent with the oath of office legislators take to support the Constitution.

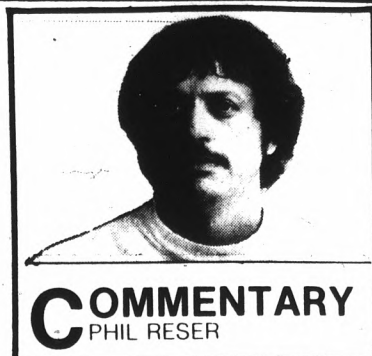
President Robert replied to me: "Thank you for your letter... etc. In drafting the reapportionment proposal, Senator Schmitz was left without a district to run from in 1982. This adequately expresses my opinion of his philosophy. Anything more might appear to be vindictive."

I was incensed at Schmitz' remark, but I must say this form of justice puts a precise patch over the hole in my conscience.

Paul K.S. Hartley
Student Records

Coors

Dear Editor:
On Oct. 23, The Phoenix published a letter to the editor from a Mr. C.C. Mark which attacked Adolph Coors Company with innuendo [and] misinformation. I would like to take this opportunity to



Media equality?

The lack of women and minority teachers, especially in full-time positions in the SF State Journalism Department has brought into question our school's contribution to a still incredible amount of unequal opportunity in the newspaper industry.

Thirteen years ago the daily newspaper industry was criticized by the Kerner Commission Report which said, "Along with the country as a whole, the press has too long basked in a white world, looking out of it, if at all, with white men's eyes and a white perspective. That is no longer good enough. The painful process of readjustment that is required of the American news media must begin now."

Nancy Hicks, a former New York Times reporter and now president of the Institute for Journalism Education in Berkeley, observes that even after a decade of affirmative action, 19 out of every 20 professional journalists in America are white. A Northwestern University survey recently found that some 60 percent of our nation's newspapers still do not have one black newsroom employee.

The Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi, operated as a men-only organization for more than 60 years before finally voting to admit women in the early 1970s. One debate on the issue in 1969 stated the case against women: "There are many outstanding, talented women journalists, but with few exceptions they are sojourner on the way to matronhood, motherhood and patriarchy. Is professionalism to give way to sentimentalism, dances, socials, picnics?"

The picture is even more stark when one looks at the number of women and minorities who are promoted into positions of authority. A recent survey showed that women hold only 6.5 percent of supervisory editorships on newspapers and even fewer managerial positions on the business side. Fewer than 1 percent of editors and managers are non-white.

The editors of 382 daily newspapers participated in a recent American Society of Newspaper Editors study of editors' attitudes and experiences in the minority employment area.

The results indicate a substantial number of daily newspapers which employ no minority journalists neither receive applications from prospective minority journalists nor attempt to

respond. Adolph Coors Company does not have a history of discriminatory hiring. In fact, the company has one of the best affirmative action records in the Rocky Mountain region. Furthermore, Coors has women and minorities on its senior management team, including at the vice presidential level. Also, nine Coors distributorships are totally Hispanic owned. There has never been a federal suit against the company by Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. In fact, Coors has been certified by the federal government as an equal opportunity employer since 1972.

The allegation that Coors uses "forced strip searches, locker raids and other forms of harassment to intimidate workers into unquestioning acceptance of company policy" also is totally false. The truth is that Coors employees have direct input into the formulation of company policy through Employee Participation Meetings and Employee Participation Committees. The purpose of employee participation is for management to receive the advice, views and opinions of employees on company operations, policies and the quality of work life. These employee participation committees work directly with senior management.

Prospective employees are asked to take a polygraph examination to verify the information on their employment applications. Questions on the polygraph examinations are strictly limited to seven job-related areas. To imply that questions regarding sexual preference are asked is a direct misstatement of fact.

Whether or not Adolph Coors Company has a "controversial image" is not the issue here. The issue is the publication by The Phoenix... without having given Adolph Coors Company an opportunity to respond... with the truth.

J.W. Sibley III
Corporate Communications
Adolph Coors Company

Phoenix apologizes for any oversight on its part in not thoroughly substantiating all of the information in Mr. Mark's letter.

recruit minority journalists. About 20 percent of the editors said hiring minorities would lower the standards of their newspapers. Other editors said it might be better for their newspapers or for the minority person potentially involved if no minority person joined their staffs.

One editor of a small California newspaper said employing a minority would lead to "suspicions among the higher echelons that we are becoming subversive."

Editors of newspapers small and large in all parts of the United States expressed doubts about the qualifications of prospective and working minority journalists. In addition, one out of every five editors who employed minority journalists reported those people less qualified than their white co-workers.

A study of the 1981 Editor and Publisher Year Book shows that of the total 3,285 directing editor jobs on U.S. dailies, women hold 251; men, 3,034.

In 1978 only 12 newspapers over 25,000 circulation had women as managing editors; this year 29 papers do. Still, men, 436 of them, hold 94 percent of the managing editor jobs in that category of circulation.

Women are now executive editors of three papers between 25,000 and 50,000 circulation. But no woman directs the policy-making of any newspaper in this country of more than 50,000 circulation.

The number of women who direct editorial pages of 25,000 circulation papers is only 14. There were 18 in 1980.

Scarcity of newspaperwomen is not one of the reasons why women have so few directing editor posts. A 1979 American Society of Newspaper Editors study showed women constituted between 30 percent and 40 percent of newsroom staffs while according to Beverly Kees, executive editor of the Grand Forks Herald, "at least half the students coming out of journalism schools are women."

The facts speak for themselves; the progress of newsroom desegregation until now has been one of tokenism. The key to true desegregation of the newsroom lies in hiring and appointing more women and minorities, especially as editors.

We are lucky in the Bay Area to have a newspaper that proves opening those doors of opportunity works. Robert Maynard is the only minority editor of a major metropolitan daily, the Oakland Tribune/Eastbay Today. He came to that newspaper two years ago when it was declining. He and his staff designed and launched a brand new morning newspaper in 66 days. He hired many new people, lots of them women and half of them minorities. He has minority or women professionals in leadership or supervisory roles on every desk. And the newspaper is growing.

The issue is not race or sex, per se. Minority and women journalists are needed to be major partners in setting the tone and fashioning the service for the industry. Brains know no gender or race. We must learn to accept that fact.

A forum on women journalists is being held tomorrow from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. in the University Club. Sponsored by the Union of Student Journalists and Sigma Delta Chi, it is open to anyone and admission is free.

The San Francisco State PHOENIX

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Phoenix is a laboratory newspaper published each Thursday during the school year by the Department of Journalism, San Francisco State University. Opinions of the Phoenix editorial board are expressed in the unsigned editorial.

Editorials do not necessarily reflect the policies and opinions of the Department of Journalism or the university administration.

Research for some of the articles appearing in the Phoenix is made possible by a grant from the Readers Digest Foundation.

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Watt wages war for coastal rights

By Ralph Vonder Haar

Secretary of the Interior James Watt still plans to lease huge tracts of land off California's coast for oil and gas drilling even though opposition to his plans has been extensive.

It is not surprising to me that Watt still plans to lease one billion acres, virtually the entire coastline, over the next five years, even though the vast majority of California legislators, including 10 Republicans, signed a letter protesting his action.

Nor does it surprise me that although the courts have handed Watt defeat after defeat, and the public's outcries have been unmistakably loud and lucid, Watt still thinks it is in the national interest to drill for oil off our coast.

No, I don't believe a person should give up a fight just because the majority disagrees with him. In fact, Watt's seemingly inexhaustible determination to lease California's coast could be viewed as a laudable quality.

But, what is surprising to me is that a man of Watt's extremely extensive legal background, can have such a gross disregard for the law.

First of all, Watt backed a resolution that removed a 1972 mandate which would have taken power away from states in coastline decision-making and given more power to the federal government. The Commerce Department, under pressure from Watt, wanted to change the Coastal Zone Management Act to give states veto power only after exploratory drilling leases were sold to oil companies.

The Coastal Zone Management Act was adopted by Congress only after long and detailed determinations were made regarding the needs of the states and federal government. This Act was seen as a difficult compromise between two conflicting parties. For Watt to alter it without first going back to Congress is illegal as well as an abuse of power.

Secondly, Watt removed a congressional ban on oil and gas drilling in the Point Reyes-Farallon Island Marine Sanctuary through executive order 12291. This area is included in Watt's Lease Sale 73. Representative John Burton, D-Calif., backed a congressional study to stop Watt. The result was a 90-page document that found Watt's actions illegal. The administration would have to go back to Congress to change the law, Burton said.

Furthermore, Watt's revisions of the lease sale process are illegal. Previously, this process was longer and more expensive, but the states played an important part helping to decide the future of their coasts. After Watt's "streamlining," this process bypasses many of the state's safeguards and makes it much easier for the federal government to lease this land.

Section 706 of the Administrative Procedure Act requires federal agencies to follow their own established rules. Trent W. Orr, an attorney with the National Resources Defense Council, said if Watt changes the rules, he must abide by the new ones or make provisions to follow the old ones for the planning already underway. He cannot create hybrids of the old and new simply to suit his convenience, Orr said.

Richard Charter, the Coastal Energy Impact Coordinator to 11 California counties, agrees. "Watt is moving as quickly and quietly as possible. If he can't get what he wants by existing regulations, he just changes the rules of the game."

Finally, Watt's inclusion of the four basins — Santa Cruz, Bodega, Point Arena and Eel River — from Lease Sale 53 into Lease Sale 73 is obviously illegal. U.S. District Court Judge Mariane Pfaltzer blocked Watt's attempt to lease these areas July 27, because he violated the Coastal Zone Management Act. To include the exact same areas in another lease sale shows tremendous disregard for the law.

Orr, at a congressional hearing in San

Francisco Oct. 13, said, "Secretary Watt is plainly in violation of the law. However, the recent history of OCS (Outer Continental Shelf) activities has shown that the Secretary is none too reluctant to violate the law when it suits his purposes."

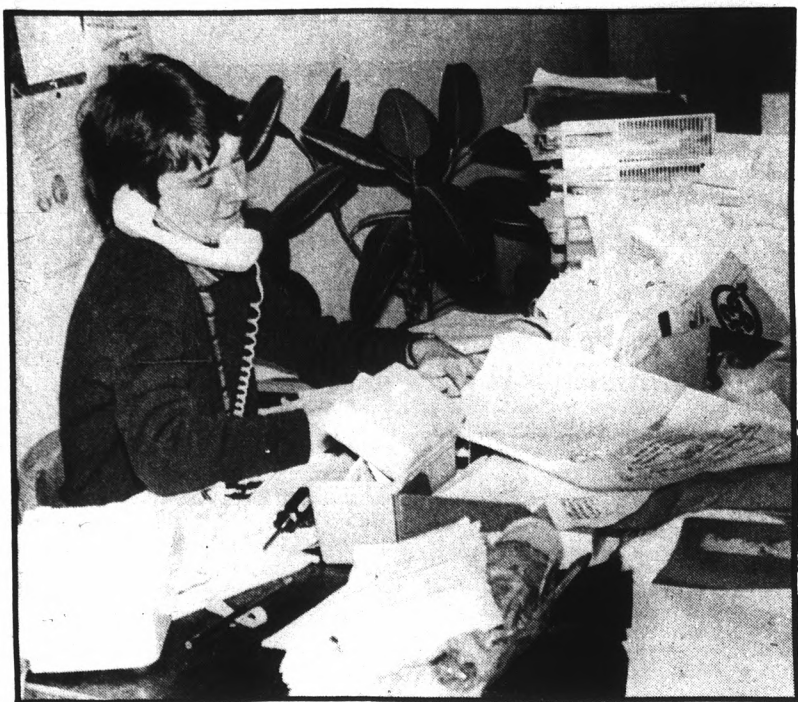
At this time, Watt and his leasing plans are taking a beating in the courts. Watt has been given two months to revamp his programs and properly balance the country's petroleum needs against the environmental impact. The U.S. District Court of Appeals' unanimous decision Oct. 6 found Watt's leasing plans illegal. Environmentalists say the changes will have to be wide and sweeping. The court says it wants to see Watt's changes when they are completed.

Of course, Watt has been forced to postpone Lease Sale 73, but he says he still plans going through with it. Also, Lease Sale 91 is scheduled for 1986 and could complete the leasing of all of California's coastline. Watt still maintains it is in the national interest to drill for oil in California even though there is only an estimated 700 million to 3 billion barrels of oil involved. This would be about twelve and a half days supply for the country, according to David Fogarty, Conservation Coordinator for the Sierra Club's Loma Prieta Chapter in Palo Alto.

Watt's public information officer, Andy Newman, said "Californians feel conservation of their coastline overrides any other factors. Their case is founded on hysteria. We've been leasing oil in the Gulf of Mexico for 25 years and there has been no damage."

I guess Newman forgot about that lit-the oil rig explosion March 23, 1980 which in nine months spilled more than 3 million barrels of oil, fouling beaches and killing fish and birds hundreds of miles up and down the Gulf of Mexico. You've got to hand it to them. They are just full of surprises.

Non-profit groups benefit by students' parking fines



By Eileen Nederlof

Strangling the meter maid may appease the rage that parking tickets provoke, but it won't pay the fine. For students on a tight budget there is another option besides going without lunch for a week — they can pay off their tickets with volunteer work.

Project 20 enables people who cannot pay parking ticket fines to work at one of 90 non-profit community organizations and city or county agencies. At a rate of \$4 an hour, \$60 worth of tickets can be paid off in 15 hours, usually a few hours at a time, one or two days a week.

Bruce Folsom, co-director of Project 20, says that while no special skills are necessary to work as a volunteer, people should be interviewed first to discover which organizations they are best suited for.

"I prefer that people not just look at the list and decide where they want to work. It's important to find out what their interests are and match them up with the right agency," he said.

Because of federal budget cuts the program's staff was recently reduced

from eight to two. To cope with the additional work, the directors devised "Instant Placement," a plan which allows volunteers with fewer assigned work hours to be placed immediately.

"I've asked the judges not to send people here who have less than \$20 in fines, unless they're in real difficulty, since so few hours would be of little use to any organization," said Folsom.

Another reason for placing volunteers is to avoid uneven distribution — with 60 volunteers at the Academy of Science and none at the Senior Center.

According to Folsom, the Women's Building on 18th Street is often requested by volunteers. The political and cultural center offers four basic work areas to choose from: clerical, building and maintenance, assisting in the art gallery, and fund-raising, enabling volunteers to gain useful experience at the same time they meet their obligations. Director Deena Clevenson says that volunteers are given a choice of 53 types of work.

"We're happy to get people with special skills like carpentry or typing, but we have a general skills area so just about anyone can find work to suit them," she said.

Students who sign up for Project 20 can work off their tickets without even leaving the campus. Friederich Von Krusenstern, of Amnesty International, says several volunteers from the program work at the downtown branch.

"As yet we don't have any students working at the Rising Spirits Cafe from Project 20, but there's no reason why they couldn't. We need all the help we can get," he said.

Among the list of widely diverse organizations under the program are the California Judges Association, several alcoholism programs, the Center for Southeast Asian Refugees, and the Diabetes Association.

According to Folsom, 10,000 parking tickets a day pass through the traffic courts and many of those are contested. Under a system called Instant Hearing people can state their objections to paying a ticket, but must abide by the traffic referee's decision. (Those who sit on the bench in traffic courts are not judges, but traffic referees.)

"Because fines have increased so much recently many more people are contesting tickets now," said Folsom. "When it was a matter of five or ten dollars, they just paid them, but they

think twice about \$20 or \$40."

The traffic referee's decisions about assigning people to Project 20 are based on their financial situations.

"You don't have to be unemployed or below a certain economic level," stressed Folsom. "Just having a lot of bills to pay can be sufficient reason."

Traffic court sessions are held every day at the Hall of Justice on Bryant Street. They begin at 9 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m., and 3 p.m., except for Friday when the courts close for the afternoon.

After signing in, people wait until their names are called, then go before the bench to explain their situation. Folsom says traffic referees encourage people to pay but if they say they are unable, they are sent to Project 20 offices on the second floor.

For those in a hurry to get parking tickets cleared up so they can renew their car registration, paying the fines in small installments might be more feasible, since then the registration release goes into effect as soon as the agreement is signed. Project 20 volunteers must wait four to six weeks after their assigned work has been completed before their registration is cleared.

Eddie

Continued from page 1.

and mental drills. He'd sprint through them. He was constant, a 100 percent dynamo. He was always tougher, always full of life."

He may have drowned or had a seizure, according to the San Francisco medical examiner-coroner. Cause of death is still being investigated.

During the finals last semester, Brown fainted at a dormitory from exhaustion. He bumped his head, resulting in a seizure, his father said.

He had been working a graveyard shift at a dorm on campus where he lived last semester. A lady's man and a rock'n'roller, he liked to throw grand parties there during the past three years. Then, waking in the mornings, he would walk to the gym for water polo workouts.

Recently he appeared tired, said SF State Aquatics Coach Harold Zane, Brown's coach since they met at Ramona High in 1972.

But Brown was known for his stamina. "Even if he was tired, he'd come to practice and put out even more, to show the guys," said Carr. Brown, the team captain, was the most aggressive player on the team, and invariably would want to guard the opponents' toughest player.

He was also the smallest man on the team. A slim 5-foot-7, Brown was the playmaker and had a strong sense of cooperation, said Zane. "He was team leader in steals and assists. He'd look to

help others find openings, so the team could score. He was very unselfish in that way."

Still, Brown was top scorer for SF State in 1978 and 1979.

Zane watched Brown grow up, and guided him through nine years of development. "Ed looked up to Harold and wanted to be like him," said Brown's father, William H. Brown, a retired Air Force sergeant who delivers mail for the Riverside post office. "His ambition was to be a water polo coach."

When he returned to Riverside during the summer, Brown would lifeguard, teach swimming and coach younger athletes. Last summer he started a team under the California Interscholastic Federation, and named it "The Riverside All-Stars," said his sister, Linda Spencer, 31, of Riverside.

"He wanted very much to be American all-star player this year. His whole life was sports. He practiced all the time, never let up. Perhaps to compensate for being so small," said Spencer.

Richard Harris, 25, a Riverside friend, recalls Eddie's sense of humor and friendship. "Last summer we were playing the amateur league championship game down South and he had this idea we should all wear war paint. He pushed everybody, so we all did it. He was a spirit. The other team thought we were nuts, but we had a great time — and won."

The team's self-generating spark plug

in the water, Brown was also known as a non-stop social catalyst.

"He always got different kinds of people together. He'd get them dancing. And when I was down, he'd bring my spirits up. Maybe he had problems, but he never really let you know," Harris said.

"It's hard to describe his personality. He was real popular with the kids at school," Spencer said. Brown's other two surviving sisters are Susan Sisk, 30, of Fayetteville, N.C., and Barbara Gabaldon, 32, of Las Cruces, N.M.

When new players would join the water polo team at SF State, Brown would think up nicknames for them within a week. "They'd usually stick," said Zane. "It always made the new person feel a fully equal member of the team."

When he first tried out for water polo, in ninth grade, he was the slowest swimmer in the class, a veritable 97-pound weakling, said Zane. "But he picked things up so quickly. I'd say 'In this situation do this,' and he'd do it. I never had to tell him twice."

A fierce competitor, Brown would keep at any game until he could master it and win. He played pool, cards, basketball, racquetball, all intensely. And he loved backpacking in Yosemite, said Steve Spencer, his brother-in-law, of Riverside.

In 1975, Brown won Ramona High School's prestigious Coach's Award for best team player in water polo. "He

wasn't a good swimmer at first, but he kept at it. He improved with amazing speed. He was small, but the water's a great equalizer," said Evans.

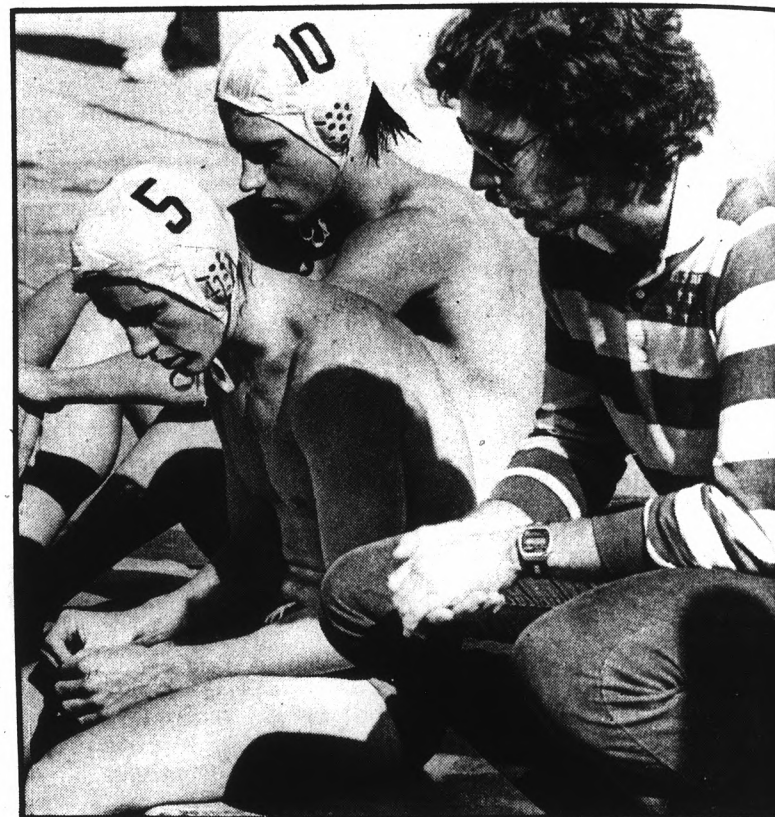
In 11th grade, Brown won the Most Valuable Player trophy, as well as the Coach's Award for most improved swimmer. Before high school graduation in 1977, he had received a third Coach's Award. He graduated with a 3.2 average.

The SF State water polo team wants to set up a scholarship in Brown's honor, retiring his numbers — 5 (visiting) and 29 (home) — which he had since high school and putting up a case with a ball and Brown's two caps in the pool area, Carr said.

There will be no funeral. A year and a half ago, Eddie's mother died, and the service was too painful, Spencer said.

The Mission Chapel Funeral Home sent Brown's body to a crematorium Tuesday. His ashes will be dropped into the sea five miles west of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Like Jagger onstage, Brown was a star performer whose electricity set his team on fire and sent live currents running through and among those surrounding him. He died in his element after having realized, at least in part, his life's passions — becoming a water polo coach and seeing the Rolling Stones in concert, live.



Ed Brown, #5, with coach Harold Zane and Chuck Brabec, #10.



San Francisco State University Student Union

ART GALLERY

November 23 - December 18 - "Photographs by Vincent Paratore." Reception: December 1, 3-5p.m.

November 23-December 15 - "Short Stories," an exhibition of photographs and texts, by Jeffrey Norman. Reception: December 11, 3-5p.m.

Through December 3 - "The Paintings and Collages of Richard Higgs." Multi media collages and acrylic paintings.

UNION DEPOT

Monday Night Football 6-9p.m.

November 23: Minnesota at Atlanta
November 30: Philadelphia at Miami
December 7: Pittsburgh at Oakland

Tuesday Night Movies 5-7p.m.

November 24: Animal House
December 8: Ordinary People

Thursday Night Live 5-7p.m.

November 19: Great Highway/Country Western
December 3: Carson Barnes Quartet
December 10: Artichokes/New Wave



ADDED DISTRACTIONS

Anyone missing their yuletide spirit will no doubt find it alive and well and stuffing itself at the Second Annual Madrigal Dinner to be held in the Barbary Coast, December 11th and 12th at 7:30 p.m. And why not? With a menu that includes roast sirloin, cornish game hen, and Yorkshire pudding, served in an atmosphere of comic jest, delightful Madrigal singing and strolling, jovial minstrels, even spirits most errant cannot help but be found.

But alas, the Friday fete has sold out. However, there still may be hope; for a few tickets remain for the Saturday festivities at a cost of \$10.00 to students, and \$14.00 to the general public, and can be found at the Creative Arts box office.

Time Machine Cometh

Student Union Programs has gone through the Audio-Visual Center's graveyard and resurrected some classic footage worthy of repeated encore and dubbed it *Time Machine*. Here's a chance to see some obscure film clips that never made the box-office top ten, but illustrate the past in a way that's both educational and entertaining. The third installment in the series will run November 24 at 4 and 6p.m. in the Barbary Coast.

ROCK-REGGAE-ROLL

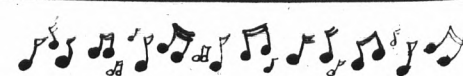
ROCK REGGAE ROLL

Student support for the Union Programs has been tremendous, and to show our appreciation we're throwing a rock-reggae-roll dance bash in the Barbary Coast Tuesday, December 1st from 9 to 12:30 p.m. Shake it to the reggae rhythms of I-World, and the rock and roll of The Hostages and The Job. Refreshments will be served, but those who like a little booze in their boogies can experience the stereo-simulcasted show in the Depot. Admission will be \$2 for S.F. Staters and \$3 general. Get your tickets now at the Info Desk or from Portals to Music in Stonestown.

GAMES ROOM:

It's Tournament Time!

The Games Room in the Sub-Basement Level of the Student Union is sponsoring eight-ball, table tennis, and backgammon tournaments in December. All are ACU-I sanctioned and first place finishers will receive expense-paid trips to the regional tournaments and eight-ball and table tennis players will have an opportunity to go to the nationals. Second and third place prizes will also be awarded in each category. The table tennis and eight-ball competition will be divided into mens and womens divisions. The backgammon tournament will be open. Men's division play and backgammon competition will be held Friday and Saturday, December 4 and 5, and the womens play will be held Friday and Saturday, December 11 and 12. Deadline for sign-ups at the Games Room desk is November 30. Call extension 1921 for specific times and further info.



MUSIC LISTENING ROOM:

The Music Listening Room, home of Headphone Rock, will showcase Devo's new album, *The New Traditionalists*, and Joy Division's new offering, *Closer*, today from noon to 2p.m. The show will be piped down to the Depot, so have lunch and a listen.



Ticketron

Tickets for the following events are available now at the Information Desk, Student Union:
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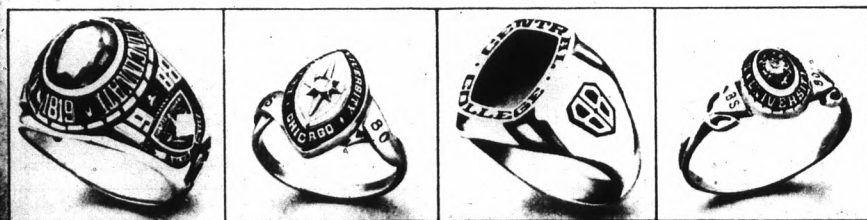
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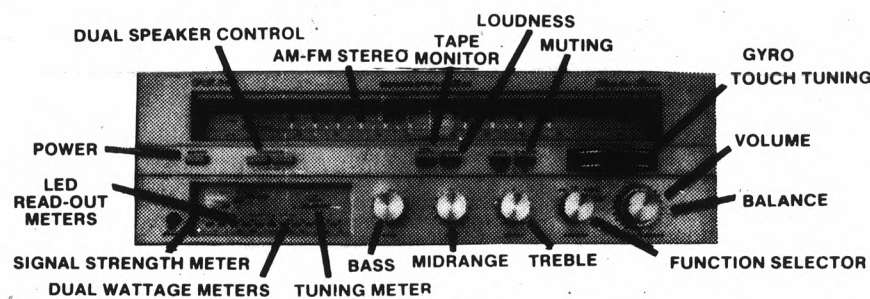
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Balloon

Continued from page 1.

was dusted with snow once during the journey.

"Above 13,000 feet we used oxygen," Abruzzo said, "and we slept about three hours a night in the 90-hour crossing."

"Worst storm was 24 hours before we saw land," Aoki said. "We started going up 1,500 feet per minute."

Closer to the coast, with too much ice weighing them down, there was a real danger of having to ditch at sea. Just about everything was ballasted.

According to Ron Clark, the ballast tossed first was "sand, lead, water, food, and oxygen bottles." As the flight was still endangered, "we threw out the tape recorders."

Aoki estimates \$40,000 worth of camera and recording equipment was thrown from the gondola. They also threw the portable toilet overboard. "We threw away tons of food," Aoki said.

With California beneath them at last, the crew tried to touch down. "We made two aborts before finally successfully landing," Clark said.

The landing was wrenching. "We were concerned about crashing in a small town I think was Ukiah," Abruzzo said. "With the weight of the gondola I knew we'd go right through one of the houses. We slowed descent so that we didn't go through them."

Though visibility was poor, and the storm spun the gondola in 360 degree circles, "they showed no fear whatsoever," said Abruzzo of his crew. "You gotta have more guts than the law allows."

Aoki, however, said Clark was yelling, "We're going to die, we're going to die."

Clark said they put their parachutes on but that bailing out at a low altitude was just as risky as riding out the landing.

"Rocky was in the stern with his ballast," Abruzzo said. "My parachute opened inside the gondola," Aoki laughed.

When the balloon wafted close to the mountain, "We set off an explosive charge to disengage the balloon from the gondola," Abruzzo

said. "We crashed backwards. We actually contacted the mountain with no forward speed."

It was a nasty drop. "Larry and I did a backflip and landed on Ron and Rocky."

"I was knocked unconscious for five minutes," Aoki said.

According to Abruzzo, "The gondola had no damage except for a tree stump that was driven through it." He added facetiously, "We were very disappointed last night that we couldn't have made a perfect landing."

Asked why he took a seeming delight in risking his neck, Aoki answered.

"To live is a challenge," he said. "To survive is a challenge. I'm like a cat — I have eight lives to go and I'm only 43 years old."

Having survived this round, Aoki plans on "going around the world in 20 days."

"A system that has the range to fly around the world will cost in the multi-million dollars," Abruzzo said. "Leaving from San Francisco, Egypt might be a good place to land," he added.

(Toni Kawana also contributed to this report.)

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Western

Continued from page 2.

To Benny Stewart of the Western Addition Project Area Committee, it all means just one thing: gentrification.

"The market-rate housing which is being planned for the Fillmore commercial strip is not affordable to the people in this area," he said. The Housing Authority says it is going to relocate those families from the Pink Palace, but I'm very skeptical about their ability to do that. Meanwhile, white, middle-class people are buying up housing in the area and driving the rents up.

"All of these things are going to force black people to move out of the city, and eventually the black community will lose its voice in the city," Stewart said.

Fanny McElroy takes a somewhat bitterly philosophical view of the situation.

"I'd like to see the Safeway store go in and all the rest of it, but I just don't like who's benefitting," she said. "We're the people who worked to improve this neighborhood and make it safe for that store to go in but none of the local people are gonna get anything out of it. It's just par for the course."

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- La Mala Hora
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Phoenix on Viacom TV

Phoenix contributes stories to an electronic newspaper produced by the SF State Journalism Department in cooperation with the Audio Visual/ITV Center. The magazine airs at the beginning of each hour on Viacom Cablevision's channel 35 and on the campus cable system.

Clarification

In a Sept. 10 article on the legal aspects of tenancy, Phoenix reported a landlord does not need "cause" to evict a tenant. This was in error and, according to Thomas Thrasher, director of the campus Legal Referral Center, "There are 13 just causes for eviction."

Our article reported that "cause" was necessary for a landlord to initiate a three-day eviction. In fact, both 30-day and three-day eviction notices need to state cause.

The article also referred to tenants' rights as "protected by sections 1159 and 1160 of the civil code." Specifically, those sections are from the California Civil Code of Procedures, not the California Civil Code.

A battle of wits

By Joseph H. Ackerman

The "Ligands" vs. the "Unbelievers" vs. the "Prestidigitators"?

It could only have been the College Bowl, where 12 of SF State's top intelligentsia battled it out Monday in the Barbary Coast.

A three-way, round-robin set of games — including the questions, " $x^2 + (x - 12) = 0$, What is the root of the equation?" "Name four countries with shores on both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean?" and "Oak, ash, elm or hickory, from which are baseball bats made?" — eliminated the Ligands. That left the Unbelievers and the Prestidigitators to face off for the SF State championship.

The Unbelievers, composed of Gary Joseph, Dani Renan (the team captain), David Yarnold and R.C. Morgan-Wilde, were the winners by a score of 170-105. They took home small trophies, a Webster's Collegiate Dictionary and a voucher for free food at the Gold Coast.

The second-place team — Janet Wolfman, Keith Stempfley, Miriam Van Steen and Rockney Olson — was awarded hats that, according to College Bowl coach Pat Conroy, "only fit if you have

an oval head."

After watching the individual performances of the players, Conroy chose 10 names to train for the regional competition. Of those 10, five will be chosen to represent SF State in the February regionals to be held at the University of the Pacific in Stockton.

Strangely enough, all four members of the losing Ligands — Wayne Goodman, Damon Lieu, Lesley Salas and Rann Schultz — made the list. Others who made it were Renan and Joseph, Stempfley, Kent Fraker (of the Prestidigitators), Greg Proops (who was not present) and Reed Rahlmann (who was on last year's team).

Armed with a packet containing questions from the last four years' College Bowls, Conroy outlined his strategy for brain-training the College Bowlers.

"I plan to have the team members specialize. One takes science, one takes history, one takes literature, and so on."

And what are the chances for SF State's team, winners at the regionals the last two years, this year?

"That's going to depend on how well we train; also on the composition of the other teams in the region. California State University at Los Angeles always has a good team and Stanford is tough. Tough and sneaky," Conroy said.

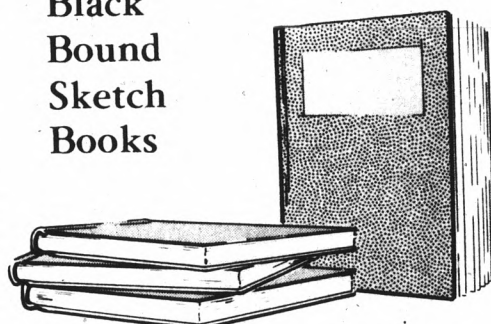
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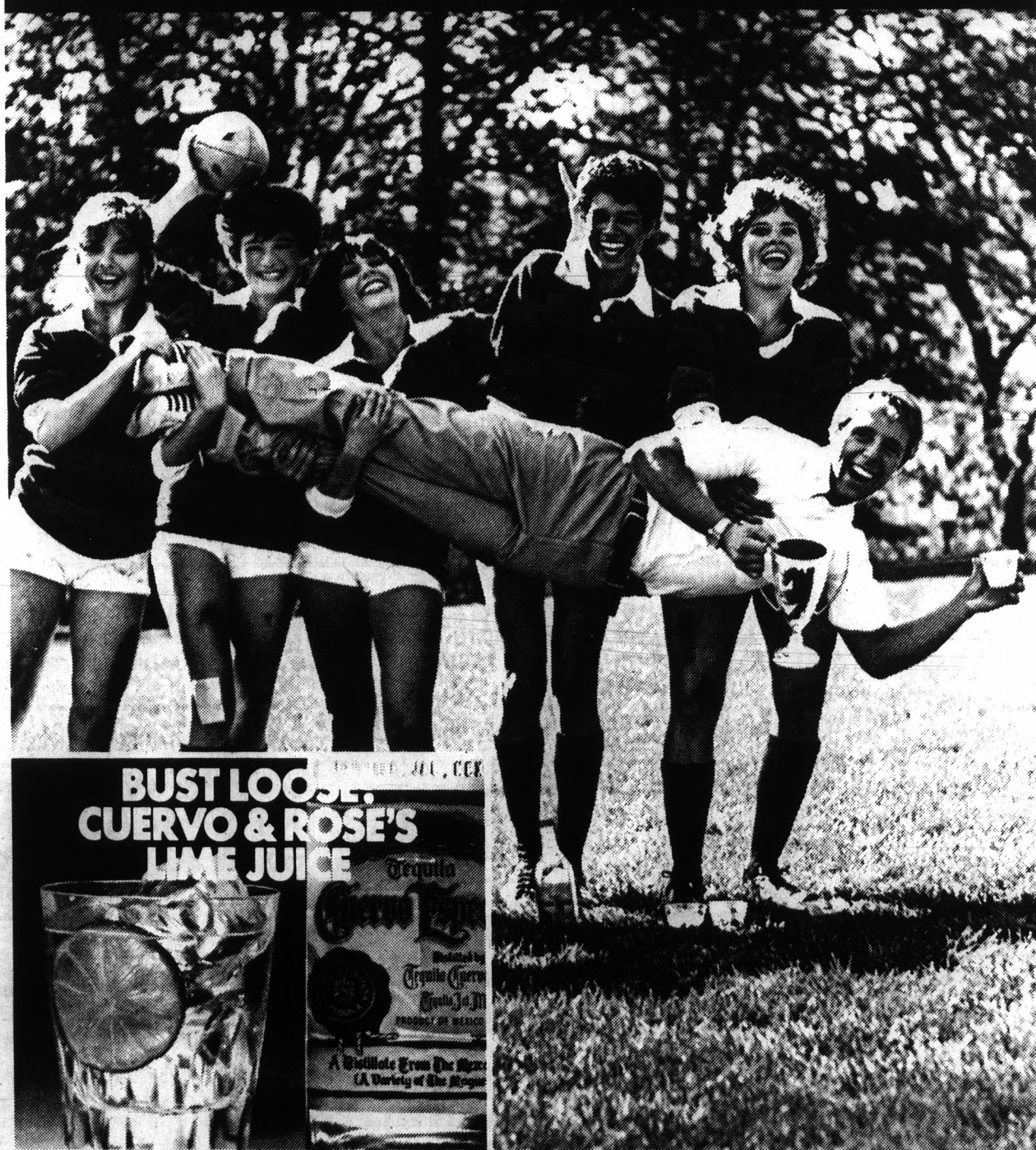
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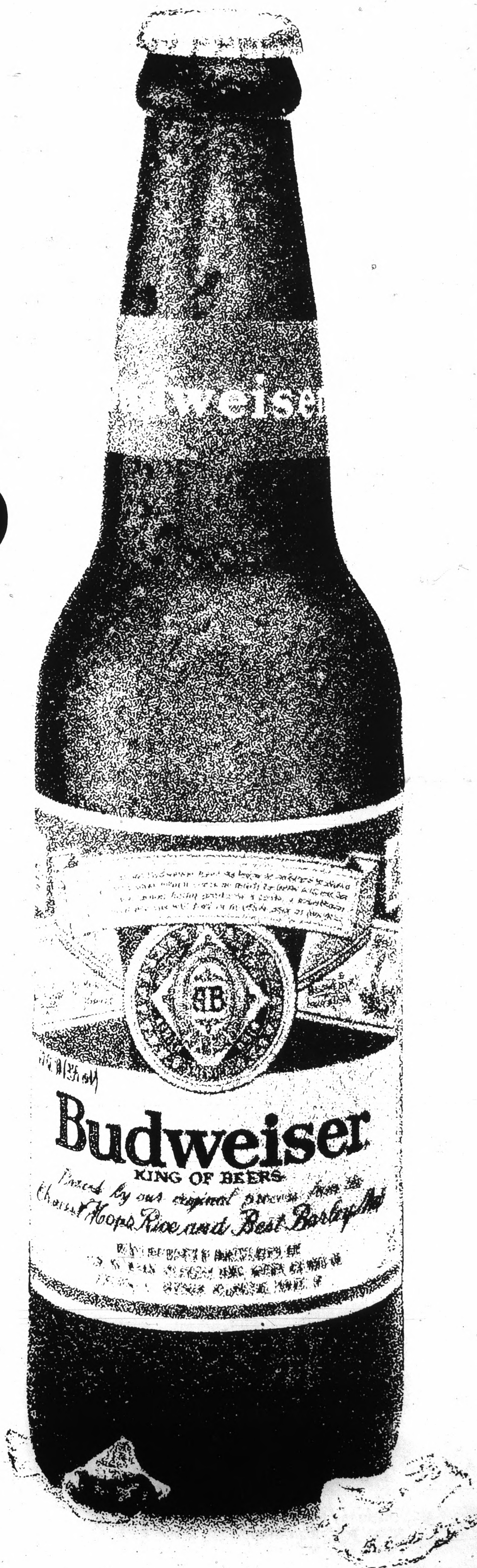
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Indians seek winter airlift

By Steve Greaves

Many American Indians in the Bay Area have adapted to customs of the modern city, but are still loyal to their ancient tribal ways, said Sid Welsh, SF State student and campus representative for the American Indian Movement. They see smoke rising in northeastern Arizona and, once again, in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Responding to the signs over the land, Welsh and others are organizing a 10,000-can food drive on the SF State campus, to begin next week. They are requesting offerings of food, clothing, medicine, money, blankets, tents, tools for airframes over Big Mountain, Arizona at Yellow Thunder Camp, S.D.

"Food, money and materials can be dropped off at the SKINS office in B-133 of the Student Union basement. Please, no formal, tuxedos or high heels," Welsh said, referring to some past contributions.

Last spring, \$106 million was awarded eight Lakota tribes as compensation for the government's 1877 seizure of lands reserved for the Lakota by the Ft. Laramie Treaty of 1868. The award was deemed adequate compensation for the

government's violation of the 1868 treaty, and the Indians were ordered to relocate.

Refusing to surrender their homelands, a number of tribal elders and traditionalists set up the Yellow Thunder Camp in April to establish a model, self-sufficient, solar energy fueled community, and to revive the social order and religious training of the Lakota nation. Their leaders say those hills are the heart of their spiritual culture. It would violate their rights under the 1978 Indian Freedom of Religion Act to force them to move, they say.

The Indians do not want the money, which has been placed in the Indian trust fund held by the Department of the Interior. They say the land was stolen and no amount of money could bury the fact.

"How many Indians do you know who would start a business, or buy a house with that money, or put it in a bank and save it?" said Welsh. "You don't. Money corrupts. No matter how you spend it, it soon would be gone. If it were used to give Indians jobs, you'd have Indians fighting over jobs. It would contribute to the destruction of our race."

Threatened with eviction, the people of Yellow Thunder are willing to die for their cause. The governor of South Dakota has already confiscated tons of their food stocks from the Yankton Sioux Tribal Commodities Warehouse.

"The government people hope camp residents will give up under the extreme conditions of the winter," Welsh said.

In northeast Arizona the 8,000 Navahos and 100 Hopis pegged for relocation from the Joint Use Area, which their tribes have shared for 400 years, are also threatened with hunger, cold and isolation if they do not receive aid this winter. When many refused to relocate, last April the Bureau of Indian Affairs began seizing their livestock, which they depend on for food, trade and clothing.

Many social workers testified this year before the U.S. Civil Rights Commission that health problems have increased dramatically among traditional Indians relocated to cities. Nervous breakdowns, ulcers, insomnia, alcoholism, various stress disorders and suicides are frequent consequences of movement to border towns, they testified.

Yet the congressional Relocation Commission has stated its intention "to minimize social, economic and cultural

impacts of relocation on affected tribal members, and to avoid repetition of the unfortunate results of a number of early official Indian relocation efforts."

In energy hearings it was established the government's planned evictions are related to part of a national energy policy to develop coal and uranium reserves in the Southwest. Much of the nearly 2 million acres the government has begun to fence off covers Arizona's only known coal reserves (about 21 billion tons), 10 percent of which Peabody Coal has already claimed.

Fences are being put up, and the evictions which began this year are scheduled to be complete by 1986.

AIM is coordinating another event in the city to help the mostly non-English-speaking Indians of the Big Mountain region and those at Yellow Thunder.

A benefit concert to raise food and supplies for winter airlifts to the two besieged communities is planned for 8 p.m., Dec. 3, at the American Indian Center, 225 Valencia, San Francisco.

Floyd Westerman and others, including a mystery big-name band, will perform and speakers will include AIM co-founders Mary Jane Wilson and Dennis Banks.

BRUCKER & MILLER NOTES ON STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Limiting power or raising hell?

Mark Fitzpatrick, Associated Students sophomore representative, is expected to propose two motions at the AS legislative meeting this afternoon that could put some members on the defensive.

One motion will be a resolution stipulating that no elected official of the AS have membership on more than three committees within the university.

Fitzpatrick explained that the motion is "to get more students involved."

"There is nothing wrong with AS representatives on a large number of committees," said Fitzpatrick.

"However, when we allow people unlimited memberships — no matter how good those people are — we are limiting students who are just as committed a chance to sit on the committees."

How will AS Speaker Wayne Zimmerman, who sits on 13 committees and has appointment power for various other committees, take this?

The other motion asks the AS Board of Directors to give John (The Flower Man) Gaul, who has been selling ribbon flowers in front of the Student Union for years, a lifetime membership in the Associated Students.

Government seeks interns

A 13-week Consumer Affairs Internship Program is open for graduate students to intern in government, industry and non-profit associations.

In 1982 interns will be selected for each of three internship classes: Class I — January-April, 1982; Class II — May-

August, 1982; Class III — August-November, 1982.

Any student candidate for a graduate degree who is interested in consumer affairs is eligible for participation. The program is interdisciplinary and open to all majors.

Further information — such as closing dates for application — is available from Professor Raymond Pomerleau, Coordinator of Internships, Department of Political Science.

A mother seeks news of her son

A desperate mother needs help locating her missing 16-year-old son, Matt.

A letter postmarked Nov. 2 from Santa Rosa indicates he is working on a ranch owned by the parents of two sisters currently attending SF State.

The mother hopes to contact the two girls before a pending arrest warrant jeopardizes Matt's future. Matt is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds.

Anyone knowing the two sisters, whom the mother believes live in Sonoma county, please call 415-283-6095 in the evening. The calls can be made collect.

The Pijan controversy continues

By Donna Cooper

Originally, the words belonged to Porter Butts, patriarch of the Association of College Unions International, but when Dorothy Pijan spoke to them it was clear they also belonged to her.

"We must remember that the union is a service institution, not a power group, not embroiled in meaningless campus politics. Its concern is what students can do for fellow students," Pijan told the students and staff who attended the association's regional conference at California Polytechnic State University in San Luis Obispo on Saturday.

Pijan was fired Sept. 23 as Student Union director at SF State by the Student Union Governing Board for a lack of cooperation with the board.

Pijan is president elect of the ACU-I, which was founded in 1914 and consists of more than 900 colleges and universities primarily in the United States,

Canada and Australia. She delivered the key note address during a luncheon to

171 representatives from colleges in California, Nevada and Hawaii who attended last weekend's regional conference.

Speaking on "College Unions: What's It All About," Pijan reminded the audience that the purpose of student unions is to serve the campus community.

The speech resembled a lecture on morals and ethics. Pijan urged the audience to be more professional in their duties as staff and board members, and to be generous and humanistic in their actions.

"We must use our collective wisdom, rather than our collective stupidity. And rather than our collective ignorance, use our collective intelligence to achieve our common goals," she said.

"And our goals must look to the future, not just tomorrow or our in-

dividual wants. We must consider others and the effects of our actions upon them."

Wayne Zimmerman, a governing board member who voted to dismiss Pijan, said, "I think it was a pretty reasonable speech. She didn't say anything inappropriate. I think if she adhered to some of the things she said in her speech, we would have had fewer problems when she was here."

Despite the tension that accompanied Pijan's speech, SF State's representatives were well received at the conference. Kevin Brown, a governing board member, was elected representative of region 15 to the ACU-I Regional Board. SF State also won first

place in the student union banner competition.

Both student union directors and governing board members from other colleges who attended the conference said they were shocked when they heard of Pijan's dismissal. But they all agreed students should have the right to fire people they think are not performing their duties.

Kimo Kippen, president of the campus center board at the University of Hawaii and representative of Region A on the ACU-I Regional Board said, "If the situation ever got to that point where the director was exceeding her bounds within her role as a director, I think it's important that we, being the policy-

making board, reserve the right to dismiss her. The beauty of the board is that we, the students, have that right."

Al Paparelli, assistant union director at Cal State Long Beach said, "Unless there's any real, documented evidence that Dorothy was involved in something very illegal, immoral and destructive to the union and its goals, there's no question in my mind that this will affect the union at SF State very drastically."

"This woman is credible and any insinuation that challenges her, even if they have the right to do so, better have their facts together. This is not to say that a union board, run by students, should not have the power to fire a director, it should. But with that power, has to come responsibility," he said.

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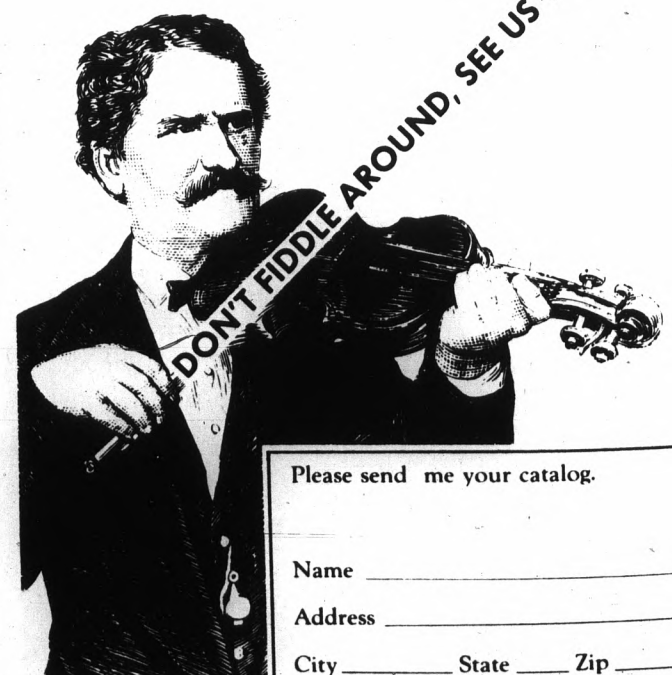
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Sports

UC Santa Cruz in home opener

Wilson driven by defense

By Chuck Lenatti

SF State basketball coach Kevin Wilson likes hard-nosed players on the hardwood.

"Every day we spend 10 to 15 minutes in what we call 'tough period' where we have loose ball drills, guys diving for the ball and mass rebounding."

"I put everybody under the basket and I shoot. We have 16 guys going for the ball," the fourth-year coach said.

Wilson has lost 10 of last season's 14 players, and this season's tallest is only 6 feet 8 inches. He will combat these disadvantages with more speed and quickness from what he called his best recruiting year since he's been at State.

He'll also put to good use his trademark, the "hyperbolic paraboloid" defense, which is basically a flexible zone that incorporates about 65 percent man-to-man, Wilson said.

Wilson's defense held opponents to 56.3 points per game last year, which won the national defense championship. The Gators were 17-9 as they finished second in the Far Western Conference.

Returning from last year's squad will be Peter Garrett, Steve Domecus, Mark Ramos and Lenny Lees. Last season, Garrett, a 6-1 point guard, led the team in scoring with 11.8 points per game.

Domecus, a 6-5 wing, was the team's third leading rebounder, averaging 4.2 per game. Both were honorable mention all-league.

Lees, 6-8, who had 14 blocked shots to lead the team, will play low post, although Wilson has not yet determined who his starters will be.

One of the more exciting newcomers this season may be Keith Hazell, a 6-3 transfer from City College of San Francisco. Hazell may add some punch to the Gator offense which averaged 63.7 points per game.

Hazell played under Brad Duggan in City College's run-and-gun style offense. Whether he will be able to adjust to Wilson's more deliberate style of play remains to be seen.

Other newcomers include Mike Mikell, a 6-7 freshman from Saratoga, Mike Winn, a transfer from Diablo Valley and 6-3 Bobby Chilton from Canada Col-

lege.

This season, SF State faces tough non-conference opponents like the University of Minnesota in Minnesota and the University of San Francisco.

Wilson, who was able to schedule Minnesota because he was once an assistant coach there, has a guarantee of \$10,000 and said he will bring home about \$5,000.

Nothing would give Wilson greater pleasure than to knock off a big name school.

"If we were to beat a team like USF or Minnesota, that would be a great thing because, obviously, our budget is a drop in the bucket compared to theirs," he said.

He said that a big budget for a basketball program does not necessarily guarantee success.

"Teams like USF and Cal at times bother me," he said. "Cal has money and scholarships and I don't think they work hard. I don't think they play motivated."

"In the college game, desire is about 80 percent. You can overcome a lot of

things with desire," he said.

In addition to motivating his players, Wilson wants to help them become "first-class citizens."

He said he tells his players at the beginning of the season, "If there's nothing else you get out of basketball besides the blisters and the floor burns, you're going to be punctual, responsible and good citizens."

Large crowds in the stands help players feel important, Wilson said.

"Somebody has to appreciate what they do. By having students in the stands, it re-enforces their importance and picks them up," he said.

"Basketball can be anything you want," he said. "I tell my team 'Winning is not the most important thing; wanting to win is.' If they do their very best and they don't win, I can accept that."

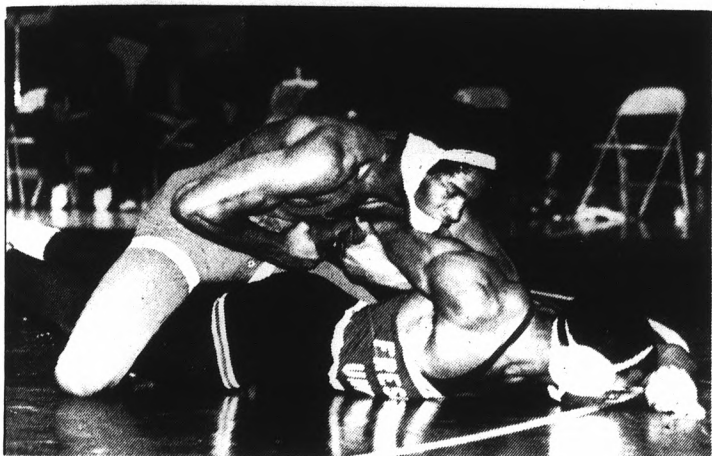
The Gators open their home season against UC Santa Cruz this Saturday and face Cal Poly Pomona next Friday. Home games start at 8:15 p.m. SF State will not be home again until Dec. 29.



Keith Hazell slams during Friday's Gator intrasquad game.

Phoenix photo: Charles Hamilton

Wrestlers open in Idaho



Kevin Newsome in action against Fresno State last year.

By Jim Muyo

Though All-American John Monolakis is gone, the SF State wrestling team goes on, and coach Allen Abraham says he wouldn't be surprised if the Gators pose a serious threat to the defending Far Western Conference champion Chico State Wildcats.

The team will face its first competition of the year Saturday in the Bronco Invitational at Boise State University in Idaho.

Abraham says he's counting on several members of the team to make up for the loss of Monolakis. In particular, Abraham looks for defending FWC champion Adrian Leveixier and FWC runner-up Mario DeCaro to be very tough. Leveixier wrestles in the 126-pound division while DeCaro grapples in the 134-pound range.

"We can never replace John," said Abraham, speaking of Monolakis who was the 1980 FWC champion in the 142-pound division and All-American for the last two years.

"I'm not saying that Bobby Gonzales (Abraham's current 142-pound man) is not going to be a fine wrestler. And we have to hope that the wrestlers we get in the future will be better than John. But John was always competitive, always there, always a threat to pin his man in the last 15 seconds of a match."

Abraham admits that Chico, Humboldt and Sacramento State have better pure talent than the

Gators, but warns that SF State will "fight like hell" to get the FWC championship that last year eluded the Gators possibly because of too many injuries.

For example, junior Youssef Abed (167-pound division) has injured both of his knees and his jaw in his first two years of competition. As a result, Abed missed much of the second half of the season.

Another loss that Abraham will have to counter is the departure of Michael DeNatale, who like Monolakis graduated. DeNatale finished second in the FWC last year in the 150-pound division. His spot on the roster is currently filled by sophomore Alan Lawrence.

Good seasons from Leveixier and DeCaro won't be enough to give the Gators a shot at the FWC title. Bill Blatnick, who's returning to compete in the 158-pound division and Kevin Newsome in the 167-pound class will have to perform well.

"Blatnick is quick, strong and has good ability," said Abraham. "Newsome has the most talent. He has speed, flexibility and is mentally tough."

The Gators will face a strong test in their first FWC match of the year. It's against the Wildcats at Chico. Abraham says the Wildcats have strengthened themselves by a strong recruiting program aided by the fact that Chico hosted the state championship meet for California high schools last year.

Women's swim team — best ever?

O'Sullivan, Wiss lead Gators to 65-57 victory

By Steve Tady

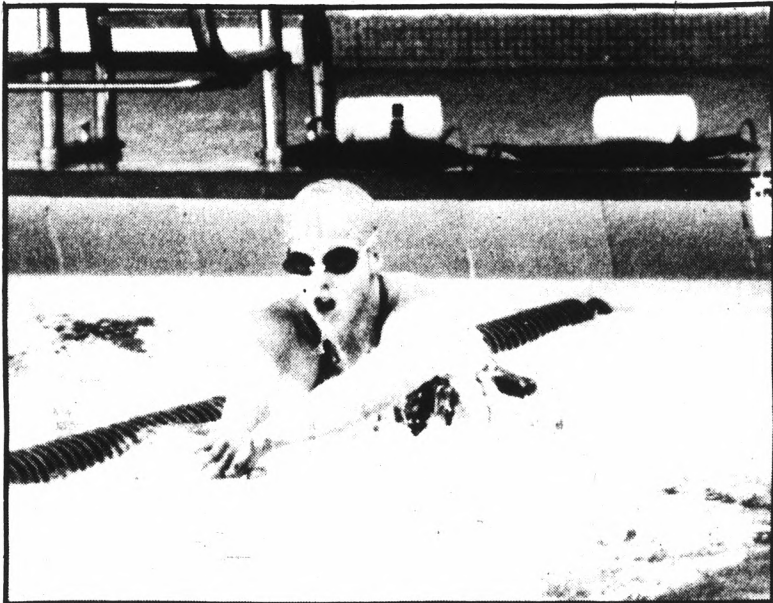
The SF State women's swimming team is churning into shape and if Monday is any indication, they may be in their best shape ever.

On Monday, the Gators defeated San Jose State 65-57 in their opening meet as Mimi O'Sullivan led what coach Bob Madrigal called "the best swimming team in the school's history" to victory.

With the score at 58-57, it was anybody's meet. The last event was the 200-yard freestyle relay, and the Gators powered to victory with the team of O'Sullivan, Michele Kerr, Mary Kay Wiss and Gwen Dornan.

O'Sullivan also won two individual races. She tied the school record in the 50-yard butterfly with a time of 28.4. She also breezed to victory in the 50 freestyle.

Wiss won two freestyle races, the 500 and the 200. Kerr won the 50 backstroke to add to the individual firsts. Lori Aragon finished first in the 50



Mimi O'Sullivan powers forward in Tuesday's practice.

Phoenix photo: Charles Hamilton

breaststroke to round out the Gator triumphs.

Madrigal, in his fourth year, smiled broadly as he surveyed his troops during the Tuesday practice. "This should be an exceptional year. Definitely our best team ever. They have a chance to break

every school record," he said.

Last year, they finished fourth in the Golden State Conference. They only had six or eight quality swimmers. This year is much different.

"In this league, you can go from first to last in any given year," said

Madrigal. "This year, we have about 14 good swimmers so we'll be a threat in every meet. This is a commuter school and it is tough to get a consistent program going."

Unexpected help came in the form of O'Sullivan and Liz Cunha, who both turned down scholarships at Texas universities to come to SF State.

The girls have been practicing since September under a unique contract system. Opposed to coaching the team all at once, Madrigal sits down with each swimmer and establishes realistic goals for each individual.

The coach and the swimmer have to agree. They settle on a certain number of workouts per week, and the difficulty of those workouts. Most of the swimmers have jobs and cannot always be at practice. They can come to the 6:45 a.m. workouts or the afternoon sessions. Some swimmers workout twice each day and as many as 12 times a week.

The three returning swimmers are Kerr, Teresa Ferrari and Martha Olson. Kerr and Ferrari earned All-American status last year. The team captains are Wiss, Ferrari and Julie Haas.

The Gators travel to Fresno State for their next dual meet. They face the Bulldogs Tuesday, Nov. 24 at 3 p.m.

Gators face Hayward in FWC crucial

By Steve Tady

Even though they are 0-4 in Far Western Conference play, the current SF State football team, and two former Gator football stars, will have a big say in the Far Western Conference championship.

Cal-State Hayward and UC Davis are tied for the FWC lead at 3-1. Their coaches, Tim Tierney and Jim Socher, both learned their football from Gator mentor Vic Rowen. Tierney brings his Pioneers to Cox Stadium this Saturday in hopes of knocking off his teacher's team and securing at least a tie for the championship. Socher and his Aggies will meet Sacramento State as they try for a 4-1 FWC record.

If both teams win, there will be co-champions this year. Cal-State Hayward

was the last team, other than UC Davis, to win the FWC. That was in 1970. The Pioneers had a chance to win the conference outright when they hosted Davis last Saturday, but the opportunistic Aggies downed Hayward for the eighth straight time, 23-14.

The Gators met defeat for the fourth time last weekend in Chico. Both teams moved the ball well on the slick field, but the Wildcats came away a 17-7 victor.

The Gators busted out on top when Poncho James ripped off a 44-yard touchdown run. But the Gators could not hold the 7-3 lead as Chico quarterback Rich Goularte heaved a 53-yard touchdown pass, and when the 'Cats added another touchdown, the ten point advantage stood up.

Rowen pointed to a particularly

disastrous stretch of fumbled punts as a reason for the loss. "We had them backed up after we took the lead and then we dropped two punts in a row. It was very hard to gain control of the game after that," said Rowen.

James finished with 144 yards on the ground. Coupled with last week's 126-yard effort against Santa Clara, James becomes the first Gator to have back-to-back 100-yard games since 1973.

Freshman punter Mike Mancini has been brilliant this year. He kicked eight times for a 46.3 average including a school record 71-yard effort.

So the FWC crown will be decided this week. Right now, it looks like a tie. Hayward and Davis are both favored. However, the general consensus is that the Pioneers are the best in the league.

"Davis is not the best team in the

league. Hayward just self-destructed last week. Hayward has a great defense, and a very balanced offense," commented Rowen.

Tierney fears the Gator running game. "All their running backs have looked effective in films. We have to concentrate on their running game much more than we thought. They would like to play the season over. They do not deserve to be 0-4. I really expected them to beat Chico," said Tierney.

It's a classic teacher vs. student confrontation this Saturday. Rowen always plays his students tough. A victory would salvage a disappointing season.

The game will be broadcast live on KSFS beginning at 12:45 p.m. Pete Bizaca and John Hanley can be heard on 100.7 cable FM and 880 AM in the dorms.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF LAW, St. Louis, Mo., will hold a general information session for all interested pre-law students on Monday, November 23rd at 10:00 am at the Career Planning Center. Professor D. Kelly Weisberg who teaches Juvenile and Family Law will answer questions.

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Gay theater triumphant

By Bruce Bjorum

"Fugue in a Nursery" plays well enough, but two of the main characters are flawed, in the current production at San Francisco's Theatre Rhinoceros. The play concerns one weekend of love and infidelity among three men and a woman in upstate New York.

Arnold (Martin Xero), the main character, is the same outrageous drag queen personality from the first play in this trilogy, "The International Stud." Xero is excellent with the necessary quips and barbs, and his rapport with Sheila Lichirio, who plays Laurel, a perpetually unhappy lover of bisexual men, is very good.

Arnold is a very strong man who makes his ex-lover, Ed (Curt Crider), squirm and his current lover, Alan (Robert Wendell), squeal. However, the actors are embarrassingly wooden and one-dimensional.

The playwright, Harvey Fierstein, exhibits a sense of humor and a canny worldliness in this play, especially in the portrayal of Laurel, who appears victimized by both "gay" men who want to be straight, and psychiatry. The character of Arnold was much more strongly represented in "The International Stud," but Xero's mannerisms bring Arnold to bitchy life in "Fugue" also.

Lanny Baugniet is general manager of Theatre Rhinoceros, San Francisco's largest gay theater. He is very excited about the new location in the Redstone Building, on 16th Street near Mission.

"Everything's much better," he said. "We have 99 seats in the main theater, the Equity limit, and 60 seats in the theater downstairs. The theater at the old Goodman Building had only 60 seats, and we had to dismantle the seating to build a new set.

The theater is supported largely by the box office (80 percent), by grants (10 percent), and by contributions (10 percent). Grants come from such sources as the National Endowment for the Arts and the San Francisco Hotel Tax Fund, Baugniet said.

The contributions are often made by individuals whose corporations give matching funds. "We get money from some rather homophobic sources, like Standard Oil, Pacific Telephone and the Los Angeles Times-Mirror in this way," Baugniet said.

"I came to San Francisco from Wisconsin specifically to found a gay theater," he said.

Baugniet met the artistic director of Theatre Rhinoceros, Alan Estes, on New Year's Eve 1976. They began discussing the theater, which went into actual production at the old San Francisco Gay Community Center in August 1977.



Actor Martin Xero pursues Curt Crider in "Fugue In A Nursery."

In the past year the company gave 156 performances to over 10,000 viewers.

"We were able to get our new facility for only 20 cents a square foot," Baugniet said. "The gay sector of the city is outrageously expensive; it would cost 60 to 80 cents a square foot anywhere else. We are lucky to have a gay landlord."

The new facility has 5,000 square feet compared to 2,000 square feet at the old location. It has a stage door at the back in the grand Broadway tradition. "We even have a doorman to handle the Stage Door Johnnies, and believe me, there are lots of those," Baugniet said.

The theater's name comes from the rhinoceros as a symbol of a creature that is mild and peace-loving until provoked. It is one of the 34 known gay theaters worldwide, from the "Brixton Fairies" in London, to "Rising Productions" in Rochester, N.Y. to "Theatre Closet" in Baltimore, Md.

"Fugue in a Nursery" and "The International Stud," which have been produced by Theatre Rhinoceros, along with "Widows and Children First," make up the "Torch Song Trilogy" by Harvey Fierstein. The plays are now available in print from Gay Presses of New York.

Theatre Rhinoceros offers a subscription series, \$20 for all five of the season's plays. "Fugue in a Nursery" runs through December 20th, Thursdays through Sundays, at 8:30 p.m. Call Lanny Baugniet at 861-5079 or 552-4100 for further information.

'Dinner' for the imagination

By Bruce Bjorum

Take a trip aboard a UFO. Dance until dawn in a Polish forest with young men and women who speak only their native tongue. Bury yourself alive on Halloween and then experience life renewed. Live in the concentration camp we call New York — come and have "My Dinner With Andre."

This film by director Louis Malle ("Pretty Baby," "Atlantic City") is positively revolutionary. An actor, Wallace Shawn, and theatrical director, Andre Gregory, meet and converse for two hours in an expensive New York restaurant.

That's it, but the meal takes you to Tibet, to the sands of the Sahara, and even to a radical ecological commune in Scotland called Findhorn.

The conversation is fascinating. At first, the concept seems boring, lacking the action that's supposed to be up on the screen. But the point of the film is that the action takes place in your own mind, as Andre spins tales and unveils truths which are chilling.

At Findhorn, the inhabitants believe that visitors from space want to reach them, so they design a roof that can carry them to the sky. Even the gusty winds of Scotland can't foil the townspeople's plan to communicate with the aliens.

In Poland, Andre immerses himself in a week of self-revelation and revelry with people who don't speak English, yet the feeling of communication is amazing. At a gathering, Andre leads 120 people in a night of artistic celebration, singing and dancing.

The description of huddling naked with other survivors of a Halloween mock burial brings to Andre's mind the pictures of starving Jews at Auschwitz and Buchenwald. It is here that Andre makes a very chilling point — New York may be no different than a great concentration camp. Could the inmates be their own guards?

People who refuse to leave the city have indeed created an Orwellian nightmare, a neofascist robot existence that goes against the basic thrust of Andre's thinking. Now, more than ever, is

the time to become a human being, to live and experience changes, different environments and to be alive in the best sense of the word.

It is a film based solely on one evening's conversation, but the ideas haunt the mind and challenge our accepted mores. "My Dinner With Andre" is a meal that should be eaten with gusto. It has an overabundance of food for thought.

"My Dinner With Andre" opens tomorrow at the Gateway Theater, 215 Jackson St. (at Battery) in the city.

'Private Lessons': sex ed...

By Bruce Bjorum

Private moments in a private life lead to "Private Lessons" — a new movie designed to do for teens what "The Graduate" did for adults. It's sex, and sex again, as a very young man meets the upstairs maid, and the combination stirs up quite a few laughs.

The movie takes place in Phoenix, Ariz., and the main character is a little rich kid, 15-year-old Philly Fillmore (Eric Brown). He glides in and out of a block-long Cadillac limousine, attends wild high school graduation parties where luscious girls cavort in swimming pools, and finally meets his sexual match in Nicole Mallow (Sylvia Kristel), the 28-year-old upstairs maid.

The plot is nonexistent. There's a ridiculous car chase scene near the end, some nonsense about blackmail, and a wonderful performance by Patrick Picininni as Philly's fat friend, Sherman. But the main course of events is the love affair, played tongue-in-cheek, from binoculars to silk lingerie, between Brown and Kristel. The soundtrack carries three songs by Rod Stewart which capture the free spirit of the film perfectly.

Brown is a remarkable young actor. He carries the film with a winsome smile, a sense of rare comic timing, and broad comic expressions which obviously come from his early training on the Broadway stage.

Kristel is a blank book, but she has a remarkable cover, which in this film is all that is called for. Her one striptease leaves the audience breathless.

"It's heavy petting with a touch of Walt Disney," said R. Ben Efraim, the producer of "Private Lessons." Above rainy San Francisco, on the 10th floor of the Huntington Hotel on Nob Hill, Efraim recently "told all" about his new movie.

"We tell the kids, bring your friends, not your parents," the Israeli producer chuckled.

"In America, sex is taboo — the subject can't be touched. Yet we have had no significant problems, maybe five letters, concerning the sex in the film," Efraim said.

"Originally, Eric Brown was cast as Sherman, but after 18 days of filming, we realized the other actor wouldn't work, so we put Eric in his place," Efraim said.

"He was 16 when he made the movie. We had to film in Phoenix as child labor laws in New York and Los Angeles prevent an actor that age from working over four hours a day.

"Eric worked 12 hours a day. He made lots of money in overtime. The picture took only 32 to 33 days to shoot, about five or six weeks. We had to worry about obscenity laws as he is a minor.



Why some men never grow up: Sylvia Kristel confronts peeping Tom, Eric Brown, in "Private Lessons."

We could have been charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Though Phoenix is liberal, we shot the heavier stuff, the stuff in bed, in New Mexico," Efraim said.

"Eventually we will earn over \$30 million in the United States and Canada alone," Efraim said, delighted. The film had cost almost \$3 million to make.

"This is a young boys' picture, with no real handle for young girls. I am planning a new picture, 'Private School,' to be set in a girls' school, which will show how girls react to men sexually.

"It will be a comedy about a girls' school. Zany stuff. The comedy makes it acceptable," Efraim concluded.

The movie was based on a book, "Philly," by Dan Greenburg, which was written in the late 1960s. The script was written for Universal in the early 1970s, Efraim said, and he came across it in 1979, made the picture last year and released it just last week.

Efraim emphasized the need for finding an audience before one embarks on a film project. "Sixty percent of the market is aged 12 to 24," he said. "Young people are not offended by the picture.

"It is not a trend," he said of the recent surge of films dealing with teen sexuality. "You have to deal with things people can relate to. You have to be different to appeal to the young audience."

...or just more kiddie porn?

By Danny Jong

S.F. — I saw "Private Lessons" inadvertently over the weekend. While I agree with some of the comments in the story, on the whole, I thought the film was just a glorified piece of kiddie porn. I bet you think that I'm a pervert for doing sex stories and watching kiddies in heat, but I'm not. Not at all. On the contrary, I was quite turned off.

The acting was stilted, the script sucks harder than Dracula (to borrow from John Stanley), and the whole plot was stupid. The film had the potential to deal with actual problems that boys go through when their bodies change, but I think the film was mauled too much to be redeemable.

However, I do agree that the character of Sherman was a riot. Sylvia Kristel is a fox, yes, but she doesn't do anything but strip, stand in profile and get it on with a kid.

"Private Lessons": D minus.

P.S. Bruce is entitled to his opinions. Run his story!

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Backwords

By Ann Senuta

Few tourists are left at Union Square and Powell Street now, but there are plenty of conventioners and their wives. Smartly dressed in trench coats and boots, they saunter to the cable car turnaround, past Bernstein's Fish Grotto where the boat's front juts out of the doorway, and where John Peterson sits. Occasionally they glance down at Peterson and quickly look away.

Peterson, who is not sure if he is 27 or 28, has lived around Powell Street and Hallidie Plaza for three months. He refused to be photographed, but he was willing to talk about his life on the streets.

"People don't see me as a person. They just see me as a bum. I don't feel like a bum though," he said.

Dressed in two old coats — one leather, the other blue denim — dirt-grey jeans and a wool cap pulled over his matted, light brown hair, Peterson ambles up and down Powell Street and the Plaza spending his days watching people. He eats leftover lunches out of garbage cans and said, "People walk up to me and give me money. I always have enough money. I don't panhandle."

"After a certain amount of time without food, I get the DT's and see rats . . ."

Occasionally, Peterson will glance at newspapers that are left on benches and considers himself knowledgeable. He didn't like high school, but he finished it.

"School wasn't a total loss. I got to talk to pretty girls," Peterson said, dropping his green eyes shyly.

Sometimes Peterson becomes tired of just sitting around. "I have an acquired skill — cooking. I know what to do in the kitchen," he said, picking at his dirty fingernails. "Living around food made me feel adequate. I could actually work and feel socially acceptable. It's not that easy sitting around and doing nothing."

Generally though, Peterson likes being out on the street. He says his nights on benches or in doorways are warm enough, but he talks of going to Florida now that the rains have begun.

"I can hitch south if I want. Winter-time in Florida would be nice. See, I consider myself a free person. I can move when I want to," he said.

Not everyone on the street is as content as Peterson. The Tenderloin district's street corners are dotted with older men, like Gerald Butler, who have no place to go.

Butler, 68, stands outside St. Anthony's Dining Hall with his hands in his pockets. His grey beard is neatly trimmed and his blue eyes are clear. He used to live in a Tenderloin hotel but because his Social Security checks were not coming to him, the hotel threw him out, he said. He suspects that the hotel is keeping his checks.

"I went to the Social Subsidiary Income office 27 times in one week," he said. "They finally threw me out of there. People say 'go to this place, go to that place' . . . I've got a partner who works in a used car lot and he lets me sleep in a truck there. But it gets cold at night and I have to be out by 6 a.m. every day."

The Social Security office said Butler must come in again and inquire about his checks, but that he should be receiving some money.

"If I drew \$700 or \$800 a month like some of these guys here on the street, I'd be in some nice room, cleaned up, dressed up. People wouldn't know who I am and they wouldn't look at me," Butler said.

Butler, originally from Poplar Bluff, Mo., lost his wife eight years ago. "I was doin' real good when I lost her. I was drawing a pension and doing different

work, picking apples in Washington. I miss her a lot."

When Butler accepts a cigarette and a dollar, he says solemnly, "You come round here tomorrow. I'll pay you back."

Butler, like 1,600 other men and women, eats his noon meal at St. Anthony's Dining Hall, where he can go back for second or third helpings and walk away feeling full. He says he has no complaints about the food, and the St. Anthony's library next door is a warm place to sit.

On a rainy morning last week, the line to the dining hall rambled around the corner of Jones Street and Golden Gate Avenue. Old men hunched in wet coats, young men in jeans smoking continually and a few women stood patiently while a black man, his shoes falling from his swollen feet, hobbled slowly down the wet ramp to the hall.

St. Anthony's has been surviving on food and financial donations for 32 years, said Father Floyd Lotito, who runs the dining hall. St. Anthony's Church does not support the dining hall at all.

"We are successful because we ask no questions and give no sermons. We are a Catholic organization, but purely ecumenical on both sides," said Lotito.

The diners are a mixed bunch, typical of the different people that are often lumped together as "street people." Social Security recipients, transients, the unemployed, alcoholics, disabled people and the mentally ill make up most of the visitors to St. Anthony's.

Martha Lee, 34, from Texas, is bopping from table to table in the smoky library in ripped white pants and bare feet. She has just eaten at the dining hall and now has no place to go. As she talks, she slips from stories of her past to ideas that are as confused as her nervous hands that stroke continually over her face, shoulders and short hair.

"I came here because of the flower children and all that. I'll be thrusting down the hill on a Muni bus and I get so wrapped up — this city is so beautiful . . . I met Bobby Shears, you know, from the Beatle song. I met him on Market Street. He is a production assistant; he bought me coffee and some clothes, but this city has come down so heavy on my head that I'm literally drowning to get out."

Next to her is a blonde woman who slept on the wet street the night before. She sinks her head down on her purse in exhaustion while Martha talks on.

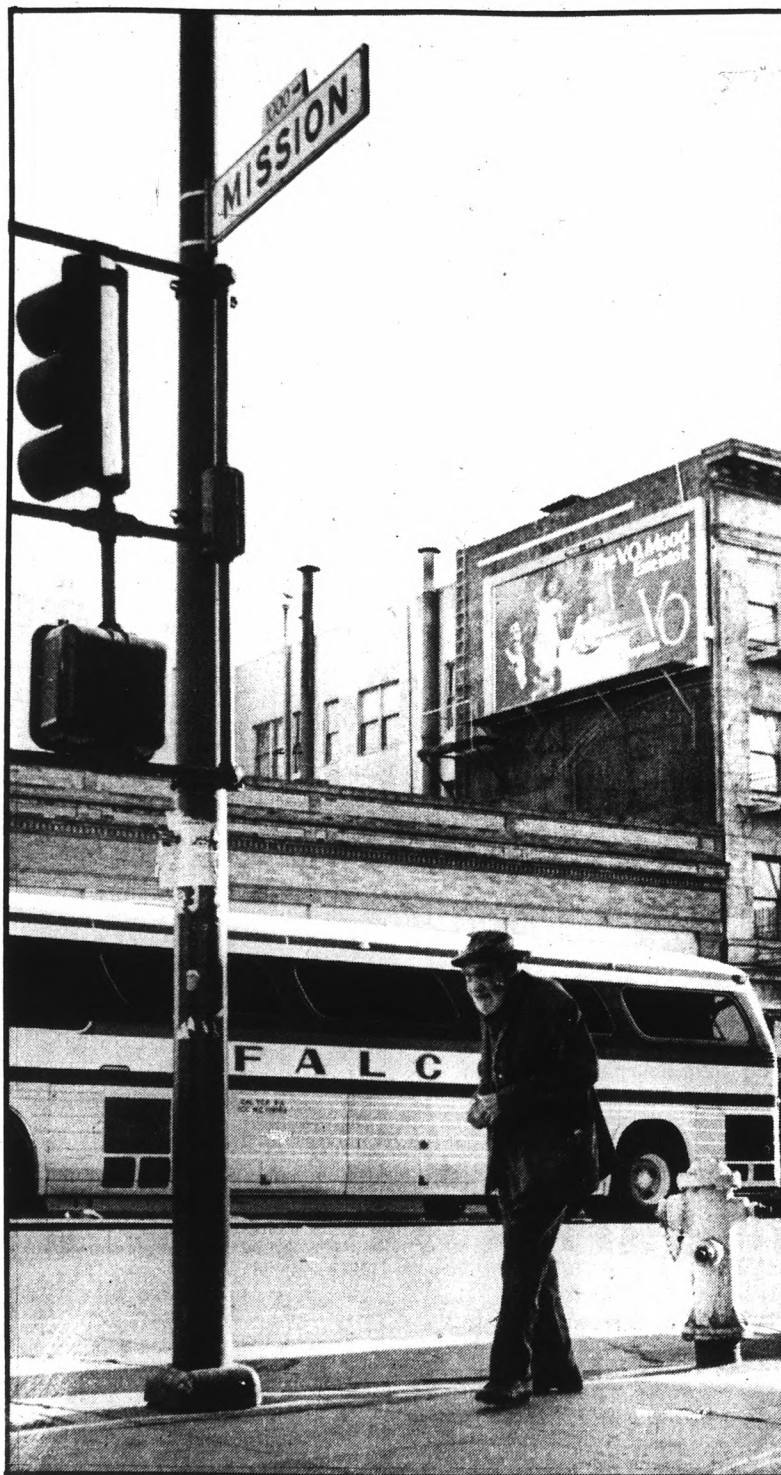
Lotito said the St. Anthony's library is one of the few places people can go and just sit. Some read, some talk with their friends, and others, like George Crimmins, just sit and smoke quietly.

Crimmins, 57, is a retired Marine. His arms are still thick, yet they shake when he draws his cigarette up to his lips. He took to alcohol "like a baby takes to ice cream" when his wife and twin sons were killed in an automobile accident 12 years ago, he said.

"I walk into a store for a pack of cigarettes and I come out with a half a pint," said Crimmins. "That's insanity. I become like Mr. Hyde. After I drink I black out and lose days. I don't even know what month it is. After a certain amount of time without food, I get the DT's and I see rats coming out of the walls, bats flying around the room. I have seen so many weird things. They are all indelible on my mind."

Crimmins never cared to remarry after his wife died. "I've had several lady friends, but they just didn't come up to par with Nancy. I just couldn't see myself going through that again. I consider myself a jinx. I just drink for oblivion now."

Crimmins tries to change his daily routine often. He spends his time volunteering at Fort Miley in the men's wards, and working at Project Title 16, which is a program of Social Subsidiary



Photos by Charles Hammons

Income, helping men who can't handle their money themselves.

Outside on Golden Gate Avenue, Bobby and Giselle Cieno, Gros Ventre and Chippewa Indians, are leaning against the building. They came from Minnesota three days ago to see the ocean but were stranded here after their money and bus tickets were stolen.

Bobby squats down and asks about getting BART to the East Bay to begin hitching home. He is serious and often stares down Golden Gate Avenue.

"This dining hall is all right. I appreciate it. But we have got to get out of this city," he said.

St. Anthony's is just one of many organizations, missions and Catholic churches in San Francisco that help people like the Cienos, Gerald Butler and Martha Lee. The Glide Memorial United Methodist Church serves three meals a day to people receiving General Assistance, and serves a dinner to anyone in need. But Reverend Cecil B. Williams, who runs Glide Church, said with a small chuckle, "Everyone has been on General Assistance at one time or another."

The county-supported General Assistance program is for individuals and families who cannot receive any other aid. Participants must be able to identify themselves, which is a problem for many street people because they get robbed or lose their identification, said Trudy Kanner, G.A. program director.

"... I consider myself a jinx. I just drink for oblivion now."

To weed out the people that "are jiving us and don't really need money," Kanner said the program gives G.A. recipients a room in a contracted hotel and food stamps for the first two weeks. After that they receive \$248 a month for rent and \$74 in food stamps. Kanner said that average rents in Tenderloin hotels are about \$50 a week, so the money should be enough.

Glide Church also helps people find jobs and housing through a program called People United for Labor and Low-Cost Housing.

"I was totally surprised so many people here wanted work. I thought I knew street folks, and I thought most of them don't want to work," said Williams. "That is not so."

"We have a theme here: 'We are They.' We are not just like them, we are them. The people who let us know, who show us what we do for them, are the ones who eat here," he said.

Both Lotito and Williams say they see a definite increase in the number of people coming to the dining halls since the

The Streets of San Francisco: Home for the Disinherited



The Civic Center Library is more than just a place to read. Many street people gather at the back.

federal budget squeezes. Lotito said 100 to 200 more people a day are being served at St. Anthony's lately, and Williams said the number of diners at Glide has doubled from 500 to 1,000 a day.

When a San Francisco policeman stops a street person who needs food, shelter or clothing, he often will refer the person to St. Anthony's, or any one of the other missions. If the person needs medical treatment, the police bring him or her to San Francisco General Hospital.

Jenny Ching, the acting chief of Medical Social Services at SF General, said people coming in looking for food or shelter are a constant frustration to the staff.

"I don't think street people understand how expensive it is to come to the hospital. When a person walks in for a meal or a bed and we are in the midst of saving a life, it is really inappropriate. It costs taxpayers \$460 a day for someone to sleep here. It would be cheaper if they stayed at the Mark Hopkins," said Ching.

Their problems mostly are mental," said Ching. "They are not mentally ill or hallucinating, but suffer from never being able to make a success of their lives. They usually have been failures from the word go. These people haven't got the inner resources to mobilize. Maybe it's their upbringing, maybe it's society. I don't know."

Steven Wong, a community worker in Chinatown, spends a lot of time talking to street people in his neighborhood and feels that "the answer basically lies in the way the system works. People had high expectations that the system would deliver what they wanted, and it didn't."

Police can discern no pattern to the lives of street people. Sgt. James Christman remembers first joining the force in 1959 and meeting Barney Nugent, a retired attorney, who slept in



To this woman, a storefront is home, at least for a quick meal.

the doorways of the old Hall of Justice. "But some of these guys aren't just nice old bums," said Christman. "They are vicious. They'll rob you for a nickel because they have nothing to lose."

Officer Dennis Carlomagno, a mounted policeman stationed at Golden Gate Park, has a different attitude.

"It really doesn't upset me if they come in here and sleep at night. They aren't bank robbers or burglars. They are just poor souls with no families and no place to go," he said.

Carlomagno estimates 50 to 100 people are sleeping in the park every night. The mounted police just ask them to move on, but since only one police car patrols at night, most of the vagrants are missed.

Victor probably would have been asked to leave. He was lying on flattened cardboard in a sunny field in the park, his box of possessions beside him. In a

weak, elderly voice, with his long blonde hair shaking, he talked of the "very wicked people" in the rental agencies who force people out on the streets.

In the park, near Fell Street, Gregory Bunch, 27, was listening to his radio in the grass. He came from North Carolina two years ago and wants to study radio broadcasting at City College.

"Rather than sleep in the Mission District and go through that hassle, I sleep out here on the earth," he said.

At the other end of the city, John Peterson, like Bunch, does see something of value in street life.

"So I eat out of garbage cans. Life is still a trip 'cause people feel the excitement of being alive, whether they have anything or not," said Peterson. "Few people understand that having things is not important. I just want to try life's trials."



Time out for a snooze in the sun at Sixth and Market streets.

& Ampersand

Songwriter John Prine, Stones, Specials & More!



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Breaking Old
Ground with
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The Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College News

VOL. V, NO. 2 NOVEMBER 1981 • DAVID PETERS

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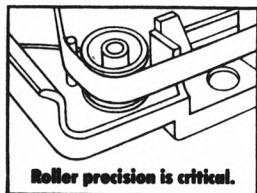


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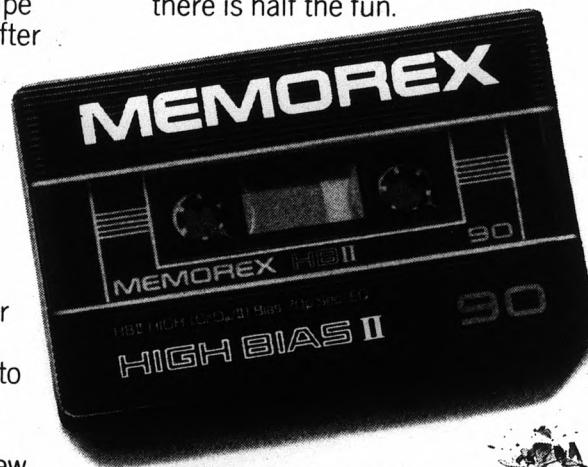
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IN ONE EAR & OUT THE OTHER

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OUR COVER

The dense collage of Fridays' nine stars is by David Peters, who creates the titles for Fridays and assorted covers for *Ampersand*.

I saw *American Werewolf in London* and really loved it. I was very pleased to read your story on John Landis. How about a story on the star, David Naughton? Is he no longer doing Dr. Pepper commercials? Does he have any other films coming out? Most important, would he like a pen pal in Saginaw, Michigan?

Name withheld by Request
Saginaw, MI

David's manager Chuck Binder says Naughton is through with Dr. Pepper; he may do other commercials in the future, but nothing is definite. He will do more films — and we'll hear more about those any minute. As for the Saginaw pen palship, you're on your own.

I'm an aspiring music journalist and I've taught myself to follow the trends closely. Lately, it's Dead People Cover Features. I'd be happy to do an article for *Ampersand* on Janis Joplin, who seems to be the only one not recently dealt with. Unless Kris Kristofferson is dead and I haven't read about it yet. Obviously, Elvis Presley, Jim Morrison and Duane Allman have been done to death. Hey, I just made a joke!

Bart Throbleman
Lodi, California

What happened to your In Print section in the last issue? I always look forward to that section.

Sandra Kupke
Ogden, Utah

The In Print book review section will now appear every other issue — look for it in this issue, where we feature reviews of show biz books — fiction and non.

How often will you be running the special photography section in *Ampersand*? I just bought a camera and it was really helpful. I'm planning to buy additional accessories and I'm wondering if there will be any coverage about that?

Jan Smith
Cal State Fullerton

Quite possibly. Modern Photography and our publishing company are tentatively scheduling one more photo supplement in the spring and two next fall.

I saw for the first time that you are carrying Classified Ads. I have studied advertising, and I just want to point out that you forgot to mention a very important point in your Classified Advertising Order

NEW CONTRIBUTORS:

Bob Merlis (On Disc) wrote such a stirring article on collecting Studebakers for *New West* that he got a personal letter from Bill Griffith, creator of *Zippy the Pinhead*.

Susan Hereford (Off the Wall photograph) has done so well recently — awards, museum exhibits and such — that many people forget her stellar cheerleading for Lewis & Clark College.

Jennifer Krieger (On Disc) owns the crummiest looking electric guitar you could imagine, with glued-on white naugahyde panels or something.



This month's winner unlocked our hearts, you bet. Steve Manno of the University of Maryland earns \$30 for his efforts. You too may be so enriched. Simply submit your original *Ampersand*, in black ink on sturdy white paper. (Put your name and address on the art.) No ballpoint doodles, please. Send to *Ampersand* of the Month, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

How to Come out Smelling Like A Rose

JOVAN, THE FRAGRANCE MANUFACTURER, sponsored the Rolling Stones tour — a commercial first for the group and the perfumery. Most of us would wonder why the Stones, arguably the most successful rock group extant, would want such merchandising; apparently the tour, as originally planned, involved small out-of-the-way clubs, and the Stones weren't sure they'd make any money. Instead they were faced with the biggest, hottest, most extravagantly sold-out tour in their history — perhaps in everyone's history.

Jovan agreed to plunk down \$1 million up front, plus \$2 million in advertising commitments, and in return Jovan's name blared on all radio spots, appeared in all print ads and on the tickets. The Stones, perfume aside, will net an estimated \$12 to \$16 million, split four ways among the original members (Ron Wood is on salary plus a small percentage).

I Quit! You Can't Quit, You're Fired! Dept.

DON'T INVITE Rod Stewart and long-time drummer Carmine Appice to the same pajama party. Sources report "some sort of nasty scene" has clouded their rhythmic relationship. Stewart has officially hired ex-Babys drummer Tony Brock for Appice's chair. That makes two promotions for former Babys — keyboard player Jonathon Cain became a member of Journey not long ago.

Special Effects

SPECIAL EFFECTS WIZARD Douglas Trumbull will direct his first feature, *Brainstorm*, to star Natalie Wood, Christopher Walken, Cliff Robertson and Louise Fletcher, all playing scientific types. The special effects will not be of the *Star Wars*/*Close Encounters* variety, but will reportedly involve sequences inside a brain. Trumbull will also

Form — your circulation. After all, if I'm going to buy an ad, what am I buying?

Ron Jones
Ohio State

Our publisher says "You're right, and we're sorry." Our circulation is presently 860,000 with distribution at 71 major campuses from Boston to Honolulu. *Ampersand* has a readership in excess of 1.5 million students, plus a large number of faculty, staff and university hangabouts who don't get counted in the student population.

In spite of your reviewer's saying that the new Joe Ely record, *Musta Notta Gotta Lotta*, was "disappointing," I think it's one of the best things to come out in a long time. Come on, Mr. Seay. Learn to enjoy greatness wherever you find it. Even a jaded rock critic can't be immune to good rockin' sounds. Who do you like, anyway? And is it fair to expect one of the most riveting performers in all of music today to surpass himself by going into a recording studio?

Most of the time, *Ampersand's* reviews are pretty fair and accurate. But I couldn't let some foreigner (non-Texan) give our home town hero a bad time.

Cheryl Becker
Lubbock, TX

film some of the Rolling Stones concerts to test a new high speed 70mm process called Showcam, and after that he'll direct *Milennium*, about which we know nothing.

DAVID CRONENBERG, the man who perpetrated *Scanners*, is currently at work on *Videodrone*, about a top secret cable TV channel that warps its subscribers' minds in devious and (no doubt) disgusting ways.

NOW THAT STEVEN SPIELBERG has finished *Poltergeist* (he produced, Tobe Hooper of *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* directed), he has already started filming (in super paranoid secrecy) *A Boy's Life*, formerly titled *ET* (as in Extraterrestrial). It's another trilogy, since star Henry Thomas has been signed for three pictures (*Raiders* is the other trilogy). Special effects of the extraterrestrial kind will be wrought by Carlo Rambaldi, who devised the "rubber babies" in *Close Encounters*.

Small Screen News

STEVE MARTIN and MARTIN MULL are developing and writing an NBC special which will star Mull (Martin will not appear in it). Martin is also working on a late night weekend show for the same network, which will reportedly not have a repertory company of actors/comedians like the other two late-night weekend shows.

PRODUCER ALLAN CARR (*Grease*, *Don't Stop the Music*) will join Tom Snyder on *The Tomorrow Show* as a "recurring special segment" titled "Allan Carr's Hollywood." Carr will not do gossip, sez NBC, but will concentrate on celebrity interviews (gee, nobody's doing those), film premieres, where-are-they-now segments, and so on.

RONA BARRETT, who had the good sense to abandon Snyder's *Tomorrow Show* a couple months back, will be launching a series called *Television: Inside and Out*, to focus on television industry news.

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Ron Jones
Ohio State

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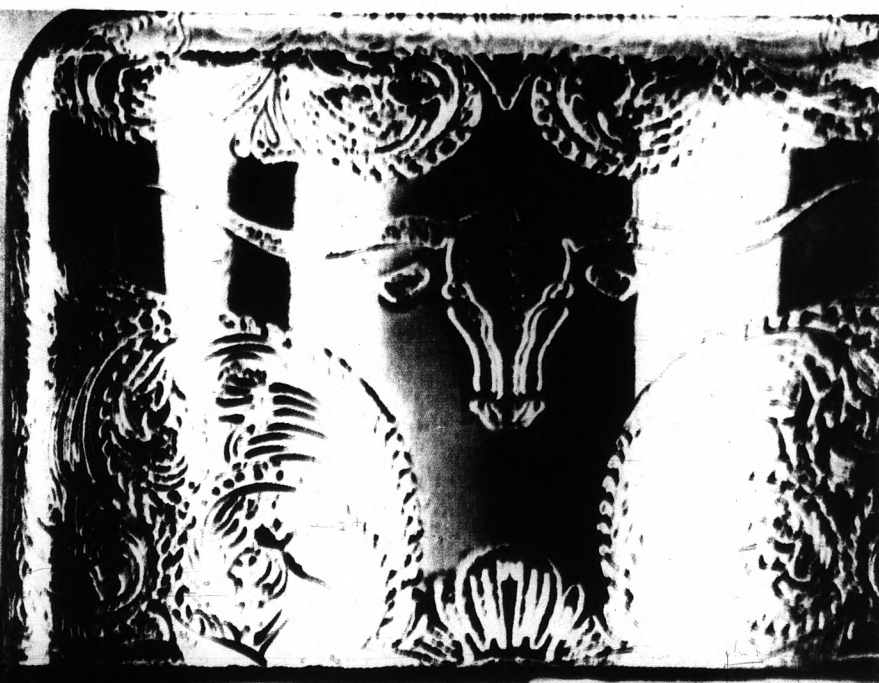
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RALPH LAUREN



A cologne a man can put on as naturally
as a worn leather jacket or a pair of jeans.

Cologne



Chaps
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& OUT THE OTHER

SF News

MICHAEL PHILLIPS, who co-produced *Taxi Driver*, *The Sting*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (and *Cannery Row*, due in February), recently announced that he'll next produce (with his wife Liv Faret and Marie Yates) all three novels of Isaac Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy*. Not only that, but the three novels will be filmed at the same time and released one month apart. (Perfect! We wish George Lucas had done the same; we don't want to wait three years for *Revenge of the Jedi*.)

THE 39TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION Convention, known as "Denvention Two," was held recently in Denver, Colorado; guests of honor were C.L. Moore and Clifford Simak.

Lectures, panel discussions, costume competitions, and displays of upcoming genre films such as *Blade Runner* and *Dark Crystal* were among the highlights. As always, the crowning event was the presentation of the coveted Hugo Awards, science-fiction's equivalent of the Oscar. Among the winners: Michael Whelan (Best Pro Artist); Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* (Best Non-Fiction); Clifford Simak (Best Short Story, "Grotto of the Dancing Deer"); Gordon R. Dickson (Novelette and Novella Awards: "The Cloak and the Staff" and "Lost Dorsai") and Joan Vinge (Best Novel: *The Snow Queen*).

Big & Medium Deals

HOLLYWOOD HOLDS ITS BREATH: Francis Ford Coppola and John Travolta are meeting; this is cause for wishful specula-



tion and many crossed fingers at Paramount Studios, whose executives devoutly hope that Coppola will direct *Godfather III*, and that it will star Travolta as Anthony Corleone (son of Michael); Travolta owes the studio a picture ever since he pulled out of *American Gigolo*. And Paramount, earlier this year, helped bail Coppola out of some of his Zoetrope Studio financial difficulties, perhaps with an eye to the future...

Meanwhile, Zoetrope is abuzz with activity: Coppola is finishing up *One from the Heart*, promises to resurrect the unfinished *Hammitt*, and is leasing space to other productions. Zoetrope has also produced its first film for TV, *Sweatshop*, based on a recent expose of Los Angeles garment district sweatshops, to air on NBC next year.

TOMMY LEE JONES will play Gary Gilmore, the convicted murderer who was exe-

cuted by firing squad in Utah a few years back (see *Off the Wall*—page 18). Producer-director Lawrence Schiller claims the film, *Executioner's Song*, is not based on Norman Mailer's book of the same name, though Mailer has also written the screenplay, a distinction of marginal importance. Eli Wallach will play Gilmore's uncle, Vern Damico.

DAVID PUTTNAM AND HUGH HUDSON, producer and director of *Chariots of Fire*, will next collaborate on *The October Circle* by Robert Bolt, set in Czechoslovakia in 1968 (when the Russians flexed a few muscles). The two are also working on another film which remains a deep secret, for reasons unknown.

MARY TYLER MOORE and Dudley Moore will star in *Six Weeks*, about a woman with a married lover and a dying child; she's also set to star in *Finnegan Begin Again*, about a woman in love with a man whose wife is dying. Hmmm.

SAM SHEPARD will star with Jessica Lange in *Frances*, the tragic story of actress Frances Farmer. We hope his role in *Frances* is better (and bigger) than his recent appearance in *Raggedy Man*.

INTERESTING CASTING GAMBIT: in a recent, long story in Hollywood trade paper *Variety*, director Jonathan Demme (*Melvin and Howard*, *Last Embrace*) announced that he wanted Bruce Springsteen to star in *Swing Shift*, with Goldie Hawn; Bruce would play the working class hero, a shipyard worker named Lucky. He wouldn't sing, he'd just look proletarian. But a call to Springsteen's manager, Jon Landau, revealed that neither Demme nor anyone in Demme's employ ever bothered to ask Bruce. "Besides," said the spokeswoman for Landau, "Bruce has absolutely no desire to even discuss [making films.] Whenever someone tries to give him a script to read, he always says, 'I'm not interested.'" So why did Demme bother to announce something he wasn't going to do? Well, he did get quite a lot of space in a Hollywood trade paper. Maybe that's worth something...

AL PACINO, TUESDAY WELD AND DYAN CANAN will star in *Author, Author* as writer, wife and other woman, respectively.

Lawsuit Central

RAQUEL WELCH and her husband Andre Weinfeld are suing the *National Enquirer* for \$12 million, claiming slander; the *Enquirer* allegedly published a report that their marriage was finito, and that Raquel had been fired from *Cannery Row* for "unprofessionalism." Raquel is also suing MGM,

among others, for \$24 million for firing her from *Cannery Row* and for implying that she was unprofessional.

MOTOWN RECORDS has filed suit against Bonnie Pointer and her producer Jeffrey Bowen, claiming they failed to deliver an album as agreed, and also claiming that Bowen "substantially impaired" Motown's ability to function because Bowen threatened the life of Berry Gordy, Motown's Chairman of the board, which caused Mr. Gordy to behave in a very careful way. In an effort to verify any part of this story, we repeatedly called Motown's Los Angeles office. Nobody answered.

JUNE E. PRITCHARD has filed a \$75 million suit against horror fiction writer Stephen King, his publisher Doubleday, and Warner Bros. films, claiming *The Shining* was based on incidents and visions in her life which she had related to a psychotherapist in confidence. Pritchard claims the psychotherapist told all this to King, who wrote the book, which became the movie starring Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall.

Park Place by Any Other Name...

LOOK FOR TWO NEW board games threatening to emerge this fall. "Stick the IRS" pits players against each other and a common adversary, the Internal Revenue Service. A player may hold \$50,000 and a chance to buy into a new baseball franchise in Alaska. Player writes off more than twice the amount invested, then learns that the opening season has been snowed out and player must pay an additional \$25,000. The player who best uses his or her income and the various tax shelters, and who pays the least amount of taxes, wins.

"The Movie Game" involves the many byzantine byways famous in this town, like Creative Accounting, ostentatious wealth, etc. A sample pitfall: the player hosts an elaborate, expensive screening to promote his or her picture. The press eats everything, leaves, and only the player's mother stays for the film. She falls asleep. The player loses lots of money and status.

Fear & Flying

GARY NUMAN, piloting his single engine Cessna through 50 countries (as a tourist) was forced to make an emergency landing in Visakhapatnam, India. Alas, he landed on a military base, and was held (along with his co-pilot) for two days, interrogate for 10 hours each day, and finally released. They were not harmed physically, and both are back in London now—but the plane and the cameras are still in India.

(Continued on page 19)

Forcing the Issue

Spent Force at Play

BEFORE SETTING OUT to strip America of its few remaining millions, Mick Jagger offered these observations to the *London Observer*: "Rock & Roll is a spent force in that we can't expect any more from it either as music or an instrument for social change. It's merely recycling itself and everything is a rehash. I'm not that good of a musician to break out of it. It's all I can do—I can't go on leaping around forever. It would be unseemly and perhaps I shouldn't be doing it even now, but it would be stupid not to do it while I still can."

If this candor works its way into lyric sessions with Keith Richards, maybe we'll be hearing "I know it's only rock & roll, but I'll milk it" on the next Stones album.

On the clamorous reponse to the Stones' tour, an L.A. musician remarked, "It's like a chance to see Count Basie and his band. Seeing the Stones is like a chance to re-live the past. Nobody plays good rock & roll anymore."

Further Proof of the Spent Force Theory

THE BOOK OF ROCK LISTS, by Dave Marsh (as in mucky territory) and Kevin Stein, modestly lists Mr. Marsh (as in worthless bog) as author of one of "The Twenty Five Best Rock Books": *Born to Run*.

Spent Force Re-groups

CHUBBY CHECKER, figurehead of the Twist dance craze of the very early Sixties, will be back with an album on MCA in a few

months. Our favorite obscure Checker track from the past was about a girlfriend's jaunty two-wheeler. "She's got a motor scooter/With a little yellow tooter," sang the bumptious Mr. Checker, "And I fall to the ground when I hear that sound!"

The Future of the Spent Forces

SOOTHSAYERS claim a new Peter Townshend LP will be out after the first of the year, as will opuses (opii?) from Fleetwood Mac, Bonnie Rait and Donna Summer, along with a Stevie Winwood soundtrack for the British flick, *They Called It an Accident*.

May The Spent Force Be with You, Daily

FROM BERNARD KAMOROFF, publisher, and Sam Leandro (not the town south of Oakland), author, comes the *Rock and Roll Calender*—available for 1982 at \$7.95 postpaid, Bell Springs Publishing, Laytonville, Ca, 95454. For the uninitiated, Laytonville lies midway between San Francisco and the verdant marijuana patches of Humboldt County, close to Longvale, Spyrock, Covelo and the Round Valley Indian Reservation.

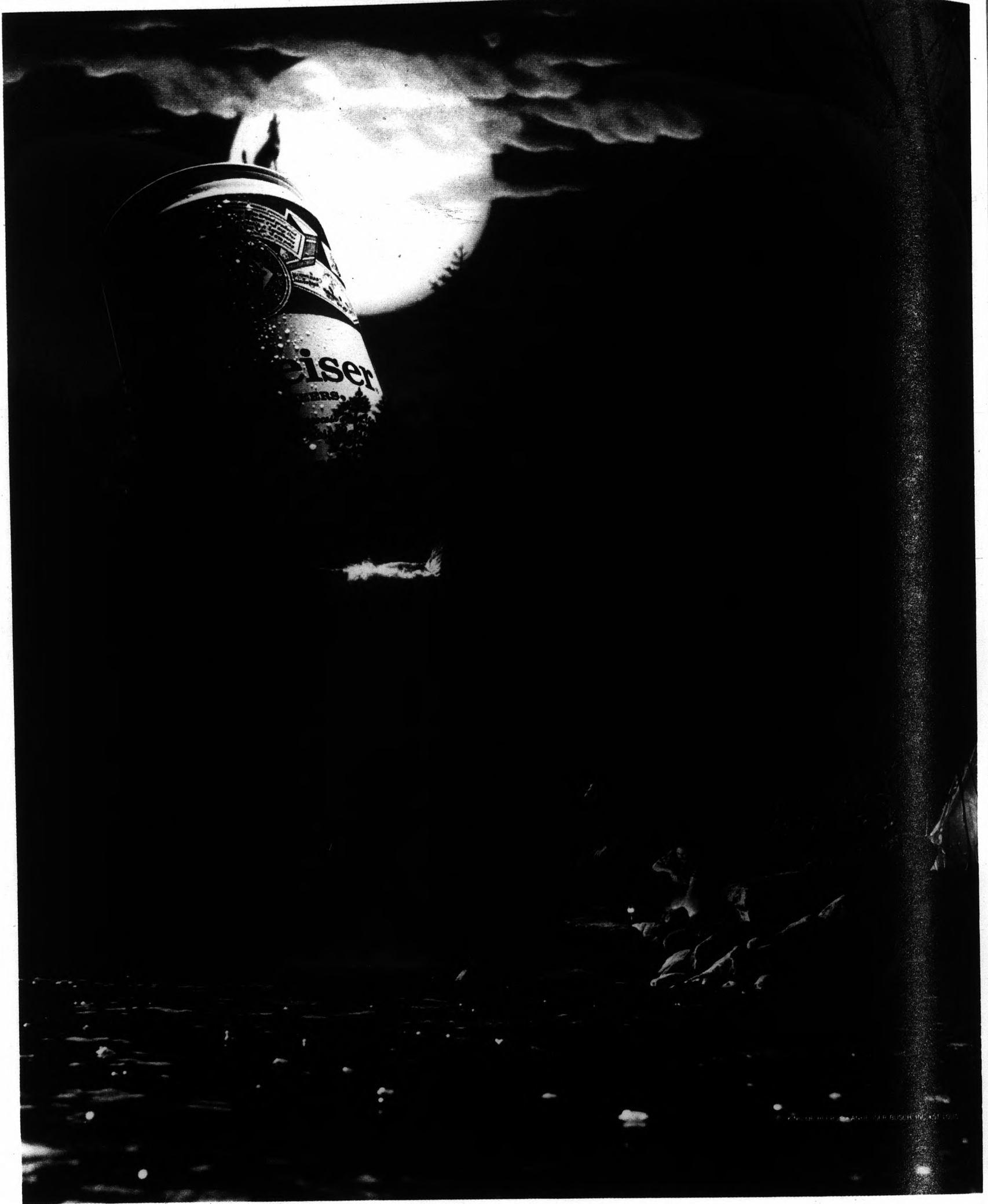
From the supremely garish 1950 Wurlitzer jukebox on the cover to the unfurled amput hair of Frank Zappa (Mr. December), the calendar celebrates rock trivia by fixing the dates for various historical milestones—like when Carl Perkins wrote "Blue Suede Shoes" (Dec. 17, 1955) and the June 2, 1941 birth of Rolling Stone drummer Charlie Watts. Taken altogether, the *Rock and Roll Calender* is the most polished publication in Laytonville history.

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Half a Dozen of the Other: In Wales 'The Prisoner' Hasn't Ended

BY CATHRYN LANHAM

Strolling the grounds of Portmeirion, Wales, are replicas of Number Six, the ciphered character in Patrick McGooohan's late-Sixties television series *The Prisoner*. A brass band is warming up, lined up in rows on the road, while the chess master/jester/executioner wheels his pennyfarthing up and down. (When asked if he could ride it, Max Hora replied, "If someone holds me on.") Multicolored umbrellas swirl as members of *Six of One: The Prisoner Appreciation Society* wait for the director to start filming another scene for a new episode, "By Public Demand." The London correspondent for the *Tribune* has a striped cape tied around him while he too holds up an umbrella, joining members as they chant their lines, "Spade, spade, spade." "Heart, heart, heart."

Filming begins. The brass band starts playing and marches down the road. The director wants to cut and start again. The band keeps marching. Bystanders yell to get their attention, and the band eventually stops at the end of the road while a film crew from HTV in England records the events.

Later, a California man wearing the striped top and tan slacks of regulation clothing in the series, asks, "Is this a village? Do you live here?"

His puzzlement is understandable. The village of Portmeirion is not a village at all, but a complex of cottages and buildings designed by Welsh architect Sir Clough Williams-Ellis in a style generally described as Italianate. He created the "village" for his own

pleasure and turned it into a hotel to help pay for it. Many of the buildings were modeled after ones he had admired, and some were created from parts of houses scheduled for demolition. One unique ceiling was purchased at auction for fifteen pounds, and the Town Hall was built up around it.

Club members who stroll under the palm trees and past the prize rhododendrons may find, however, that Sir Williams-Ellis' village is not *the* Village of the series. Number Six's residence, a small room housing *Prisoner* memorabilia this weekend, is too near the green Dome where Number Two lived. The pastel cottages, the roads that seem sidewalks, even the central fountain appear smaller and are laid out incorrectly. The prisoner's village is elsewhere — perhaps in the mind of Mr. McGooohan.

Patrick McGooohan, having completed his successful *Danger Man/Secret Agent* series, went to Portmeirion on a holiday with his family and decided to use the site for a series about the rebel in society. Portmeirion's unique appearance and its look of isolation would be used in a program about a secret agent who resigned, was kidnapped by either his government or the enemy, and brought to an unknown village. When McGooohan presented the idea, with photographs and story lines, to Lew

Grade, Grade said, "I don't understand a word you're saying. It's absolutely crazy, but it just might work."

Others have also thought it crazy. One woman, coming out from under

the anaesthetic in her hospital room, woke to find *The Prisoner* on television and thought her mind had finally gone. The program's complex symbolism confused some viewers and

frustrated others. The village was peopled by prisoners who were all numbered and under constant surveillance; all were taught or conditioned to conform, to obey, to give up whatever information those in charge wanted from them: to do as they were told. If they conformed, they were rewarded and their lives made as pleasant as such imprisoned lives could be. In ultimate control was the elusive Number One; the visible Village manager was the ever changing Number Two. The prisoner, Number Six, refused to play the game, declined to explain why he resigned, and tried to escape. In the end... well, the end has to be seen to be explained. Compared to an enacting of the last judgment, the show is the most fascinating, the most frustrating, and ultimately the most satisfying finish to any series ever seen on television.

Critics were perplexed and tried to classify *The Prisoner*. Was it science fiction? Adventure? Suspense? Was it Orwellian? Anti-utopian? Kafkaesque? In America, CBS executives were uncertain of audience reaction to the program and scheduled it for the summer of 1968. But viewer response was strong enough to bring the series back for an encore the following summer.

When the series aired again in Britain a few years ago, it generated more interest. David Barrie wrote to ask if his name and address could be broadcast after the program so that others interested in the series could contact him. Initially, he expected a few people to get together with him in a local pub, but the response of over 300 letters in one week led to the formation of the society. McGooohan accepted the position of honorary president and recently told club members that they had done "a fantastic, absolutely fantastic job... Your dedication is extraordinary."

The society is composed of local groups that meet frequently and informally to discuss issues and ideas presented in the series (which is still re-run on local and PBS stations across America). The club also publishes a quarterly, *Alert*, and disseminates information to members, offering articles about the show, interviews with actors who appeared in it, still shots taken during the filming, and an official button bearing the program's pennyfarthing symbol. The society also schedules other conventions during the year and screens episodes provided by ITC for club use.

During a break in filming, two women who were extras in the series talk about it and its star. "I feel that he's here. I can still see him standing up there, talking to us." Number Sixty-one looks at the balcony. "We didn't understand a word he was saying."

"He had it all up here," says Mrs. Eastwood, tapping her head. "We didn't understand, not until we saw it on television. He was protesting."

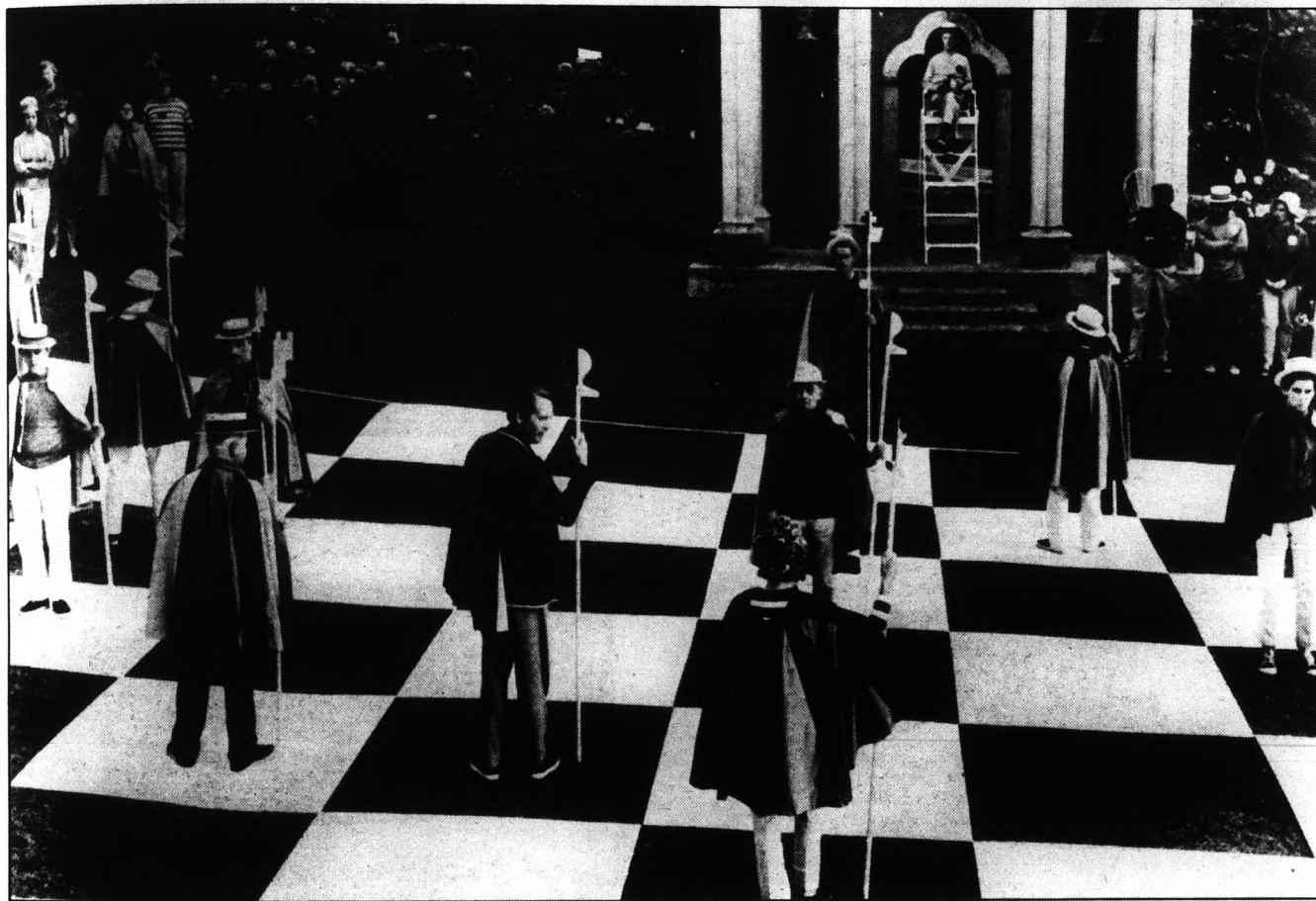
Number Sixty-one touches her badge. "This is the original. I've been offered a hundred pounds for it, but I wouldn't sell it for a thousand."

"The man you see on the screen, that's him. He could have been James Bond, but he didn't want to be." He

(Continued on next page)



The Prisoner's trademark pennyfarthing vehicle (above); McGooohan and extras play a dangerous human chess game (below).



brought champagne to the cast party but didn't stay. "He had so much on his mind. He was so tired."

"Once my husband and I were in a scene, sitting at a table and trying to talk. He walked by and whispered, 'Have you tried "Our Father?"' As something to say."

Filming begins again. Kes Smith, the director, talks to the crowd. "Look up at Number Two. Remember, she's everything you've always wanted." The afternoon gets hotter. David Barrie directs the practice of lines for taping. "Number Two! Number Two! Number Two!" "Rah! Rah! Rah!" The sound takes are interrupted by the rush of wind and the cries of children splashing in the fountain. A can of soda clatters onto the cement. Bystanders are laughing too loudly, ignoring the camera and recording equipment. Umbrellas droop as arms tire, and lines from *Prufrock* about being only sufficient to swell a scene or two come to mind. The crowd is alternately confused, frightened, and happy as the camera pans. At last, a break.

The plot of "By Public Demand" is never explained. A rebel seems to be sabotaging the Village contest for the

position of Number Two. A chess game with human figures was filmed yesterday; today another game is being played, but the moves are read from sheets of paper. "That's not right," says one player, suddenly realizing that his opponent and not he is going to be checkmated. "You've skipped a move." The woman and her dog move back to their original square.

Meanwhile, an episode titled "The Schizoid Man" is being screened in the Town Hall. Beneath the salvaged ceiling depicting the labors of Hercules, the film unfolds at a slow speed. When it ends, two men begin to fiddle with the projector. One asks the other why an American copy, with breaks for commercials, is being used. The other tells him that several copies have just been sent to an Arab country. When the films come back, they are coated in camel's hair. Totally unsuitable. The other laughs. What next, Russia? China?

Roger Goodman, the society's coordinator, apologizes for the problems. An interview he taped with Patrick McGoochan is heard instead. In printed interviews, his sentences are generally separated by exclamation points, settling like barbs around his

ideas—the tone of the man felt to be tense, forbidding, and uncooperative. On tape, the tone is calm, after an initial nervousness caused by the presence of the tape recorder during the interview. He relates his meeting with Lew Grade with quiet laughter. What was the meaning of the pennyfarthing symbol, he is asked. "It was a symbol of progress. An ironic symbol. People are planning too quickly for the future, building bigger and better cars while the world is running out of oil and is full of smog." What about the canopy over the pennyfarthing, Goodman asks. Did that have a meaning? McGoochan laughs. "Seat belts. Safety regulations."

It's late and club members are leaving. The director tells his extras, "You're the best group I've ever worked with." Number Sixty-one has already left, saying, "We'll remember this day." She circled one eye with her thumb and forefinger and gave the Village good-bye, "Be seeing you."

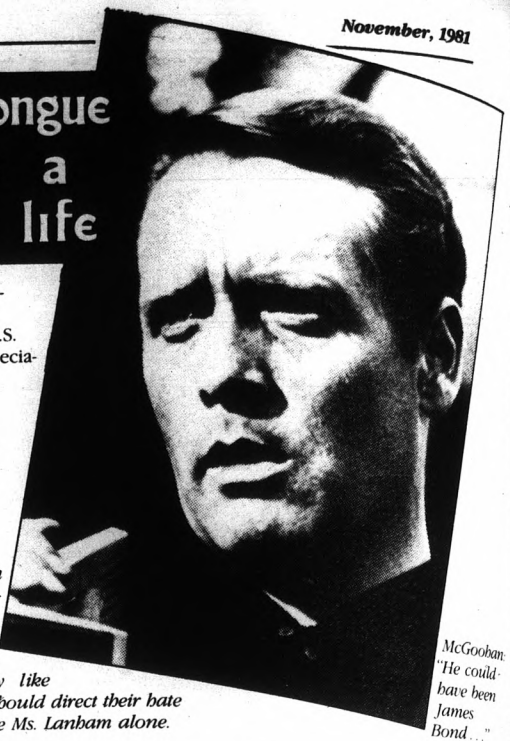
Readers interested in *The Prisoner Appreciation Society* should send a self-addressed envelope, with an international reply coupon, and their letters to:

a still tongue makes a happy life

Roger Goodman, Coordinator
Six of One (Club) U.S.
The Prisoner Appreciation Society
P.O. Box 61
Cheltenham, Glos.
GL52 3JX Britain

A reply may take six weeks or more, depending on mail delivery.

Cathryn Lanham lives in Bloomington, Illinois, and claims the Prisoner fans "are very nice people; not crazy like Trekkies." Trekkies should direct their hate mail to us and leave Ms. Lanham alone.



McGoochan: "He could have been James Bond..."



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IN PRINT

Woody Guthrie: A Life

JOE KLEIN
Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.95

In recent concerts, Bruce Springsteen has strapped a harmonica around his neck, picked up an acoustic guitar, and performed a melancholy-yet-patriotic version of "This Land Is Your Land," a song he introduces as being greatly misunderstood. The Springsteen rendition is a far cry from the usual happy, strummy, summer camp singalong version of the Woody Guthrie tune, but even Bruce slightly misses Woody's original point. As Joe Klein tells it in his biography of the Okemah, Oklahoma troubadour, Guthrie wrote the song as an angry response to Irving Berlin's florid paean to the U.S. of A., "God Bless America." Woody's song was originally titled "God Blessed America for Me," and in-

cludes verses that are *never* sung, even by Bruce — such as: "Was a big high wall there that tried to stop me/A sign was painted said: Private Property/But on the back side it didn't say nothing — / That side was made for you and me..."

If nothing else, Klein's biography de-mystifies Guthrie — not only his songs, but his person. More precisely, he de-mystiques the artist, separating his life from his legend, his contributions from his attributions. What emerges is — as Klein's subtitle indicates — "a life," rather than a metaphor. We see Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, the skinny Brillo-haired Okie, as a gifted, ever-curious man who rather unconsciously tapped into the public's need for, first, a cornpone hillbilly, then a proletariat balladeer, and finally a folk music martyr. Guthrie's mythology doesn't seem so much planned as provided by others. As he described himself in comparison to his sensible older brother, "He is making

his life, and I am letting my life make me."

Guthrie's is an engrossing story, partly because Klein's a good reporter (he's covered politics for *Rolling Stone* since 1974) and partly because Guthrie's life contained a full complement of travels, tragedies (several family injuries and deaths in fires, his own sad disintegration under Huntington's Chorea) and triumphs. Klein is to be praised for not turning the book into a psychohistory as so many biographers are wont to do, yet sometimes one wishes for a bit more analysis.

And finally, the book stimulates the reader — at least this one — to seek out a copy of "Dust Bowl Ballads" and listen to Guthrie sing his songs. Lacking that, I play my LP's by one of the keepers of the Guthrie flame, his son Arlo, who usually performs at least one of Woody's compositions per album. Fittingly, it was Arlo to whom Guthrie entrusted the preservation of the *real* "This Land Is Your Land." On a trip

home from the hospital (where he spent his last 15 years), Woody took Arlo into the backyard and, barely able to strum a guitar, taught the youngster the last three — rarely sung — verses to "This Land..." "He [thought] that if I don't learn them," Klein quotes Arlo as saying, "no one will remember."

Michele Kort

The Day the Music Died

JOSEPH C. SMITH
Grove Press

Well, "died" is a little strong. What Joseph C. Smith (we know him better in the music business as Sonny Knight) attempts to chronicle in this novel is the initial abduction of the righteous sound that was to become Rock & Roll and the eventual selling of it into neat, harmless little vinyl commodities. We are told of the evolution

of the genre from the most soulful R&B licks to the insipid teen laments that the industry called the "dumb" sound — from the summer of 1956 to Christmas, 1963 (and we all know what happened early in 1964).

Smith does make an admirable effort to view the industry from all angles, hopping from L.A. to Nashville to Chicago to New York. Significantly, the principle characters are not those who make the music, but the ones who produce and market it, and they are a diverse lot whose ideas vary about where the artistry should end and the cold commerce begin. But as much as we'd like to read this novel as a sort of offbeat textbook on the early days of the business before Rock was mainstreamed, it seems rather random and fragmented. The story is equally unsatisfying. The characters are strong enough, and their changing values do reflect the growth and decay of the morals of the business, but the reading

(Continued on page 22)



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Fridays- They Can Handle It!

"We were attacked when we started as a 'Saturday Night' clone, and obviously that was justified. But we've grown a lot since then, and the audience took us to heart."

BY JIM SEALE

'Fridays' co-producer Jack Burns

As if they have just turned in a baffling mid-term exam and are waiting for the posting of the scores, the performers of ABC's late night comedy show, *Fridays*, bide their time in a lounge area at the network studios.

The curtain has just been dropped on the full dress rehearsal of their first show of the 1981 fall season, featuring comedian Andy Kaufman as guest. The applause from the mostly college-age audience is thundering, but the show runs overtime, which means somebody's skit must be dropped. It is Friday, 6:05 p.m. Ready or not, the 90 minutes of music, gags and sketches worked up since Sunday will have to be altered by 9 p.m. when the show will be performed live to millions on the east coast and midwest.

In a conference room above them, *Fridays*' lanky, ever-pre-occupied producer, John Moffitt, huddles with ABC brass to make the crucial decisions.

Here, however, the cool professionalism prevailing through a week of rehearsal gives way to a tension the performers work off in various ways. The usually plucky Maryedith Burrell is pensively withdrawn while her long-haired boyfriend silently rubs her feet. Mark Blankfield, who did another hilarious turn that night as the speed freak pharmacist, mutters critically about his own performance. Bruce Mahler pours his energies into a classical piece on the piano.

The usually low-key Larry David and John Roarke let loose with a manic two-man impression of the Tijuana Brass, a pop instrumental group of the 1960s.

As the group takes places at a nearby conference table, Moffitt rushes in to lay on the verdict. The opening that included Melanie Chartoff and Brandis Kemp as punk-and-country-western Siamese twins will be eliminated. Darrow Igus' "Rasta Chef," a continuing character who's a reggae Jamaican version of Julia Child, will be dropped. Inserted will be an extra bit by Kaufman that will have him sing along with the audience.

On cue, the lights go out unexpectedly, and four of the writers march in hoisting a big American flag illuminated with a production assistant's flashlight. They serenade the assembled group with a song of their own composition, to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Fortified with that tension-breaking tonic of silliness, the group goes on at 9 p.m. Kaufman, the man who used to wrestle women on *Saturday Night Live*, comes onstage in a polyester three-piece suit and announces his conversion to fundamentalist Christianity. He brings on the proper Kathie Sullivan, who in real life is an up-and-coming gospel recording artist and *Lawrence Welk Show* regular, as his intended bride. Later in the show, he repeatedly interrupts the Pretenders — moves which have been meticulously staged in rehearsal to appear impromptu.

Sullivan's manager, Dave Peters II, confirms backstage that the match made in East Hollywood is Kaufman's latest schtick. "They're going to ride this as long as they can, but by the time your article comes out

it'll be over. The weird thing is they've really started to like each other. He's even asked her out."

It all does what it is supposed to do — get attention — and viewers jam the ABC switchboards in New York with calls. And Kaufman and the nine *Fridays* regulars put on the kind of 90-minute show which most critics say has made *Fridays* THE late night show to watch. *Fridays* co-producer Jack Burns, formerly of the comedy team of Burns and Schreiber, sums up a week at the show: "This show was put together by glue and Scotch tape when it began and still is."

As fragile as the weekly construction may be, *Fridays* exudes a new confidence these days. There is a new approval from critics, a solid audience, and most important, finally a self-identity.

That last was not easy to come by. When *Fridays* premiered in April 1980, its format was self-consciously copied from that of NBC's successful late night show, *Saturday Night Live*.

Critics scorned *Fridays* as a lame, vulgar imitation, even though *Saturday Night Live* itself borrowed heavily from earlier groundbreaking TV variety shows. *Fridays* had other problems, too, such as six ABC affiliates dropping the show early in its first season (four have since returned). They were outraged over an earthy sketch called "Women Who Spit" and a horror film spoof called "Diner of the Living Dead," in which cast members appeared to eat human flesh.

"We were trying to do something terrific and clever that would grab people's attention, take away from the comparisons to the other show," said Pat Tourk Lee, an executive consultant for *Fridays*.

About halfway into its first season, the show began to hit some right keys and find its own voice. It was the same *Saturday Night* format, but the cheap drug and sex jokes which seemed designed only to get attention gave way to a new sophistication.

The introduction of weekly guests, who have included Kaufman, Madeline Kahn, George Hamilton and others, seemed to provide a badly needed center for each week's show. The nine regulars seemed to connect better with the material, if only because it contained funnier jokes and more memorable recurring characters.

Most visible have been Melanie Chartoff, who anchors the mock news show, and Blankfield, he of the cross-eyed visage whose speed freak pharmacist's desperate prayer is "I can handle it, I can handle it!" Other regular characters include Larry David's wacky orthodox rabbi, Maryedith Burrell's terse news correspondent, Kemp's devastating Rona Barrett, Igus' "Rasta Chef," Michael Richards' drag queen, Bruce Mahler's Spanish radio announcer, and John Roarke's doltish Ronald Reagan.

As *Fridays* ratings audience steadily grew, Saturday was becoming the loneliest night of the week. *Saturday Night* became a victim of its own success, as its cast acquired such renown that they went into movies. The show continues, but few can name its new regulars, and now finds itself with the same identity problem *Fridays* started out with.

Fridays was created by Moffitt, an Emmy award-winning director/producer, and his late partner Bill Lee, who died of cancer early this year. Moffitt turned down a chance to direct the first episodes of *Saturday Night*, but genuinely mourns the dip in its fortunes. "There is no gloating. We all obviously admired the show very much."

Probably the biggest irony about Moffitt's cast is that they resembled ABC's thrusting them into a *Saturday Night Live* mold as much as the critics did.

"We kept getting this stuff like, 'Well, Maryedith has curly hair, she'll be Gilda Radner. Melanie is pretty, she's the Jane Curtin and she'll do the news.' And we're down here saying, 'Oh, come on!'" Burrell said.

"We all knew the consequences of doing something like *Saturday Night*. However, we were just hired to do what the network wanted. If the show was left to us, you would have seen a conscious effort to have done something different," David said.

Another obstacle for the creation-by-committee nature of the show was the disorienting effect of throwing together 9 performers and 10 writers, almost all strangers to each other. *Saturday Night* could hit the ground running because most of its team were old buddies from Chicago's famed Second City improvisational troupe.

"It was like working at the UN here at first," one cast member said. "It took awhile for us all to get to know each other as people and as artists," Burrell said, in a room lined with photos of *Fridays* cast. "Now that we've learned together, now that the writers know what our talents are, the show's better than before."

The turning point in critical recognition was last March, with "Altered Statesman," a political satire based on the film *Altered States*, in which Roarke as Reagan kept turning into Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson and John F. Kennedy. *Saturday Night* attempted its own *Altered States* parody the same weekend, and the *New York Times* wrote that the obvious superiority of the *Fridays* skit served as a symbolic changing of the avant garde.

Roarke's emergence as the definitive Reagan impressionist has helped put the show where it is, though he is a master at mimicking just about anybody or anything else, from Johnny Cash to a CB radio. Besides the President himself, Roarke's Reagan was inspired by Herman Munster. "I saw a rerun of *The Munsters* on TV,

Fridays' writers (top to bottom): Bruce Kirschbaum, Larry Charles, Mark Curtiss, Elaine Pope, Thomas Kramer, Rod Ash, Jack Burns (co-producer). Opposite page: Head writers Joe Shulkin (top) and Steve Adams.



and I said, 'That's it!'

Fridays at times moves beyond political satire into the kind of intellectual sophistication even *Saturday Night* never quite touched. "The Song of the Woodman," written by the show's Steve Adams, featured a young couple engaged in the kind of deep conversation about the mysteries of the universe that is usually found only in Swedish movies. The couple is repeatedly interrupted by Father Guido Sarducci and Dawn (without Tony Orlando); the good father's matter-of-fact instructions about where to store their firewood are mistaken by the couple for cosmic truths.

Other recurring characters go far beyond the broad mugging of TV variety shows: Kemp's steel-edged fortune teller, who delivers her predictions of doom as if she'd swallowed a bottle of Dextrodine; and Michael Richards' quietly subversive Trickster, who sends authority figures into fits of anger by acts as simple as breaking a fountain pen.

Unlike other TV shows, *Fridays* writers work directly with performers in rehearsal. "There isn't a better job in television for writers who want a say in their material, and our material is less like the rest of TV and more like the writers," said Adams, who started his Hollywood career four years ago writing for Donny and Marie Osmond's variety show.

"Here, if your sketch doesn't get a laugh, you feel like you've struck out three times. At Donny and Marie, you didn't think it was funny, either. On *Fridays* if it doesn't work, you can't blame anybody but yourself," he said.

The biggest thorn in the sides of the writers is the group of ABC censors, to whom all material must be submitted. Sometimes a dispute over a line is not settled until hours before air time.

One such negotiation involved the lyric of an original song in a sketch: "The U.S. could use another war." After two days of heated battles, ABC finally suggested the subtle distinction of "couldn't the U.S. use another war?"

Joe Shulkin, who with Adams is co-head writer, remembers that dispute well.

"Each person we talked to at ABC said that line couldn't pass because it was editorializing. One of them made the brilliant statement, 'You're a satirical show, you're not supposed to editorialize.'"

Sometimes the network vetoes an entire segment, particularly containing relationships with sexual overtones. Even a boy and his car are suspect. "Autoporn," written by Rod Ash and Mark Curtiss, the team which created Blankfield's pharmacist sketches, was a montage about guys' passionate devotion to their cars: a guy in his jockey shorts tenderly checking under the hood, as well as a "morning after" cigarette enjoyed by a young man next to his car, which exhaled its own fumes through its exhaust pipe.

"Johnny Carson, who we compete against, gets more latitude than we do in terms of sexual references," Shulkin complained.

"I once asked a network executive why we couldn't get the same freedom, since we compete with him. And he actually said the difference was that it was more offensive for young upstarts to say these things than this older gray-haired man who does it with a boyish grin."

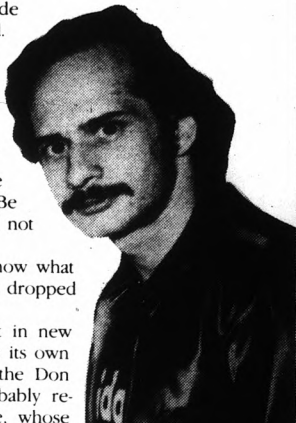
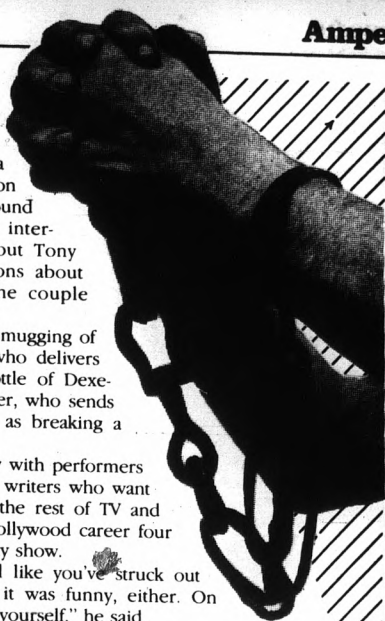
One phrase that did sneak by was lettered on the T-shirt of Wendy O. Williams, the mohawk-haired lead singer of the Plasmatics. Network officials later asked the meaning of "Don't Be a Wanker," a British slang expression meaning, uh, one should not frivolously handle one's own procreative instrument.

"We told them we didn't know. They still to this day don't know what it means," one staffer said. For months afterward, the name was dropped into sketches by the amused writing staff.

Groups such as the Plasmatics, the Pretenders, and the latest in new wave who appear in spots on the show have helped give *Fridays* its own identity, since such bands rarely make it to the tube outside the Don Kirschner-Solid Gold circuit. The liveliness of such acts is probably responsible for a certain raunchiness in the live studio audience, whose hoots and whoops at the slightest mention of drugs and sex sometimes unnerve the performers.

But nobody can quite account for the demographics of the *Fridays* home audience. ABC set out to get the *Saturday Night* market of 25 to 40-year olds, but instead found a surer footing among young teens and even children.

That grammar school playgrounds are
(continued on page 22)



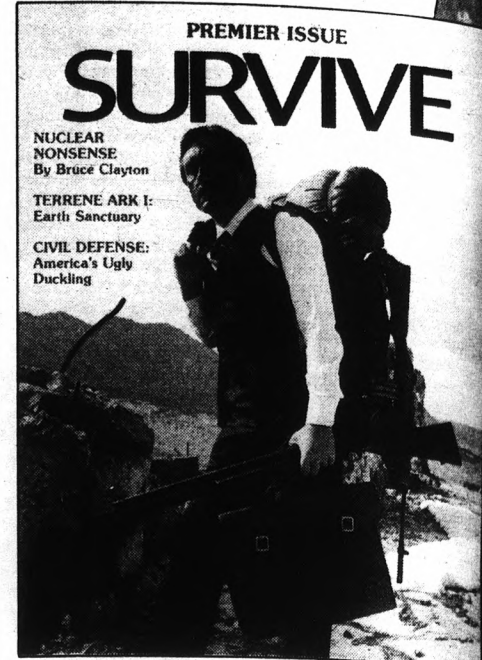
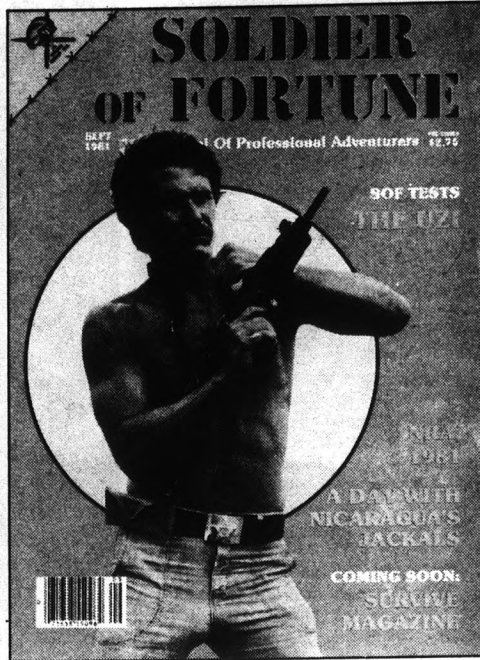
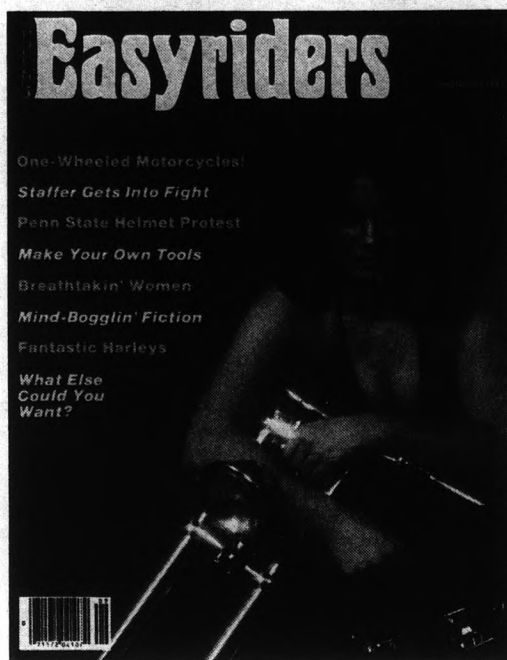
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MAGAZINES OF OUR TROUBLED TIMES



Several Small Magazines That Americans Are Reading Today

BY FRED SETTERBERG

People are seduced by books and magazines everyday. We have only to consider the renewed interest in school and public library censorship to recognize the power and fear that is still the mark of the printed word. (The American Library Association recently entered its protest over the wave of publication-banning that has spread throughout the country as part of the national advance of a conservative social agenda. The marked illiteracy of the censors is the one bright spot in the ALA's otherwise gloomy report: the book-banners, it seems, haven't read a new book in years, and they are still fighting over the old standards such as *Brave New World*, *Soul on Ice*, and *Catcher in the Rye*.)

Yet, the censors, as ugly and dangerous as their trade may be, are operating from an accurate premise. They are correct in believing that ideas are dangerous. They are right in worrying about the printed page reflecting reality and perceptions in their coarsest, most damaging and seductive (read: subversive) forms. The censors understand another important fact about ideas and images once they have been placed upon the printed page; they understand that in our society — generally literate and media-saturated — our personal and collective realities, our sense of the possible, is not merely reflected, but also shaped by our slogans, by our books and by our magazines.

Easyriders is a slick and newsprint monthly aimed at the adult male biker. Like other specialty magazines, its existence pivots upon a single concept and a targeted readership. Unlike most specialty magazines — *The Canadian Horse*, *The Woman Bowler*, *Snowmobile News* — it has a considerable following; circulation runs 405,000. "It's not *Boy's Life*," warns the editor in the 1981 edition of *Writer's Market*. *Easyriders* is written for "the individualist — a rugged guy who enjoys riding a chopper and all the good times derived from it."

A recent edition of *Easyriders* included several illustrated tips for customizing bikes; a short story about boxing, entitled "Feelin' Your Age," by a writer named Wino Joe; a lengthy report on an in-house editorial squabble over whether to review rock or country music. ("Either start writin' about music that people like," says Spider, the magazine's Executive Janitor, father figure, and apparently the man-in-charge, "or I'm gonna run your stuffed armadillo up your butt.") As in most issues, there are several color spreads of naked women straddling motorcycles and random amateur photos of bikes, bikers, of ladies and rugrats (parlance for women and children); it's a family magazine of sorts, a biker's family, homey and obscene, full of belches and farts and other lapses in simple good taste that are usually reserved for those whom we know best and trust to understand. Each issue contains serious reports, printed on newstock rather than glossy paper, about highway safety, legislation pertaining to bikes, police actions against bikers; there are pages of idiotic jokes and crude cartoons, advertisements for biker apparel and paraphernalia ("Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60 m.p.h.?" The tone of individualism is maintained throughout the copy: "Don't meddle now in a bro's problems," cautions the Astrology forecast for Taurus, "cause your motives could be misinterpreted." *Easyriders* is everyman with a chip on his shoulder and a warrant out for his arrest, probably due to a glove compartment full of unpaid parking tickets. It claims to

be written "like men would speak to each other without women being around," yet it is highly stylized, pandering to a ritual uneducated toughness and ungrammatical constructions: we suspect that everyone involved with the magazine, from reader to writer, is a lot smarter than he's letting on.

"I love bikers, their macho attitude, leathers, and Harley-Davidsons," reports Luscious Lisa, the featured pin-up for the September issue. "They are the true free spirits... nomads riding across the plains, renegades traveling to see the world. The last of the romantics." But for all the romanticized muscle-flexing and talky roughness of the magazine, there remains a quirky sense of dread and powerlessness running through ad and editorial copy. We are misfits, *Easyriders* seems to be saying with a certain dark pride and baroque celebration; not only the outlaws of society, but the unwanted and forcibly removed. "I was drafted right after high school and forced into 'manhood' at the age of nineteen," writes a reader in *Easyriders* Vet Voice column. "Viet Nam left both physical and mental scars that to this day still haunt me." Isn't this the very voice of the powerless, and, it might be suggested, the oppressed? Without romanticizing the biker ("If you dig POT" Allen Ginsberg wrote to the Hell's Angels in 1965, just as they were threatening to bust up an anti-Viet Nam march in Berkeley, "Why don't you dig that the whole generation who don't dig the heat, war, also dig pot and consciousness & spontaneity & hair and they are your natural brothers"), and without suggesting that the expressed brutalities and sheer meanness of the *Easyriders* creed are anything better than absurd defects and blackholes of unreason, it is still important to recognize that we are talking here about people who are not at all stupid about their relationship to power and wealth. The *Easyriders* of America — remember, some 405,000 strong — do not merely compose the club rosters of the Hell's Angels, Gypsy Jokers, Satan's Slaves, and the like; they primarily represent thousands of everyday working guys who own, "or

desire to own," or know that they will never get it together to own a very expensive, beautifully crafted, highly-individualized piece of stylish machinery, a passport to the world. Indeed, the magazine strikes a posture of rowdy estrangement from those "normal" people who wield power, those who hold and enjoy money and respectability. The magazine speaks to a greasepit rebellion that lacks the ambition (and analysis) to take control. There's anger here, some justified and some of it loopy, but it is, finally, an anger that fails to find its logical end in useful recognitions or action beyond the bar brawl.

Soldier of Fortune, "The Journal of Professional Adventurers," boasts 200,000 readers, an increase in circulation of nearly fifty percent over last year. This slick monthly publication is produced as a trade magazine for mercenaries, a technical guide and fantasy device for would-be killers in the service of whatever particular might is now defined as right. (Might, in *Soldier of Fortune*, is always aligned with the political right. The current issue features a long, laudatory article about the remains of Anastasio Somoza's National Guard, now training in Honduras.) *Soldier of Fortune* is a salvo of unspeakable acts. The magazine assumes a cool, measured, professional tone while detailing the theory and practice of warfare. In these pages, death is never a messy item; it is laboratory-clean, quantifiable, and engagingly spry. This is a world in which the idea of nuclear holocaust is cute. A recent issue ran an advertisement for t-shirts reading "Support First Strike": the drawing across the front of the shirt depicts a sleek American missile piercing a map of the Soviet Union.

"In America," Alan Wolfe wrote recently in *The Nation*, "guns are a way of life, sometimes a political philosophy... Guns, after all, are a commodity, and the unwritten law of American life is that thou shalt not seriously

interfere with the buying and selling of commodities." The marketability of *Soldier of Fortune's* peeping-Tom violence is evident throughout the twining of ad and editorial copy. Mail-order displays for the five volume opus, *How to Kill* (the ad contains pictorial details of the eye gouge, head smash, and two-fingered strangle) is the perfect compliment to an article entitled "Commando Quiz: Rate Your Toughness" ("Hitting slightly behind and below the ear with a forceful edge-of-the-hand... strike will break a subject's neck. True or False?") Deeper into the magazine, there are ads for Rhodesian Army recruiting posters, the ads set up a lengthy report on Soviet actions in Africa. The monthly reader's column of "I Was There" experiences ("We could almost taste the heavy odor of gun powder and blood in the air...") is the natural relative to the magazine's classified section: "Man for hire: Good with small arms... I'll do the job right."

Soldier of Fortune is highly successful in the game that it plays. The magazine's mere availability introduces bloody possibilities into the realm of everyday life; its founding principle — let's say, its marketing concept — is an applied rape of commonsense and commonplace tough-guy fantasies. *Soldier of Fortune* fondles death as though it were a new toy and lives to tell the world that killing is a chuckle. Suddenly, through the strength of a few pages, life becomes a Manichean heresy, devoid of texture, complexity, or moral dilemma.

"The multitude of books" said Voltaire, "is making us ignorant." The printed word can dissemble far more easily than it may scratch out the truth. In particular, the magazine — more accessible (and disposable) than a book, and enlisted in the service of all things timely — has shown an inherent drive towards serving up disinformation. (A march through the back pages of, say, *Life* in the 1960's will tell us less about what was happening in Viet Nam than how those events were being misrep-

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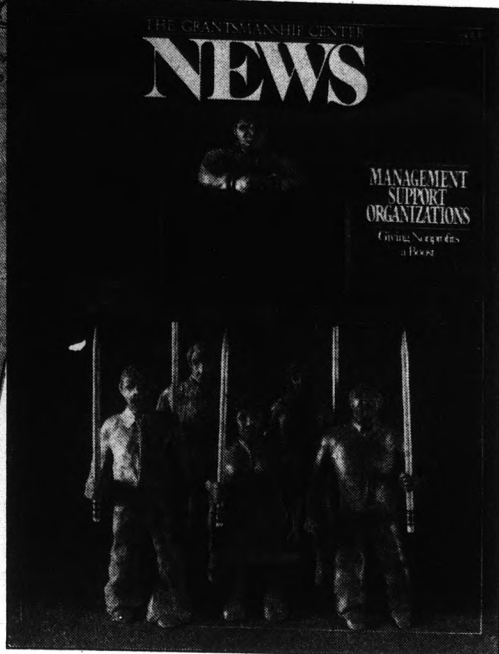
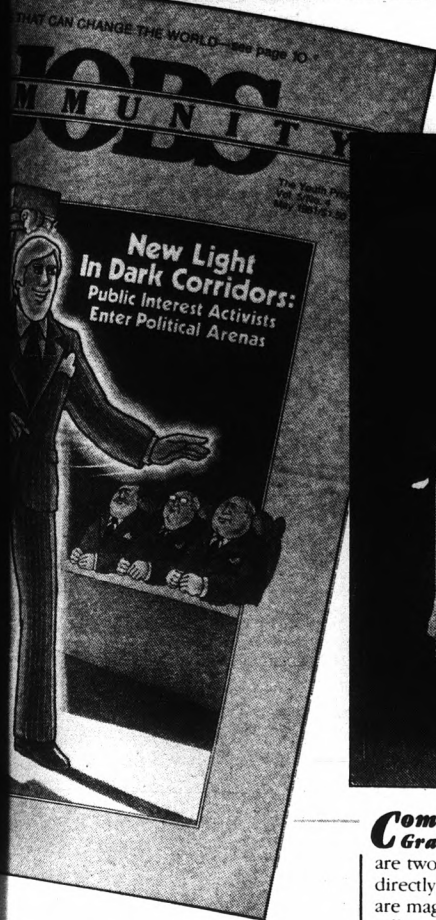
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Community Jobs and The Grantsmanship Center News

are two specialty magazines that speak directly to the principle of work. They are magazines of public solutions; they tell us how community researchers can use a small computer to examine local environmental policies, and how to cut a path through the maze of federal grants support ("What has 500 Parts, Costs \$83 Billion, and is Condemned by Almost Everybody?"). Recent issues have taken on grassroots fundraising, reducing energy costs for low-budget consumer-based organizations, the use and management of consultants in organizational and political work. Both magazines are decidedly action-oriented, containing a great deal of useful information on the care and feeding of non-profit groups and community organizations. (*Community Jobs* also runs — in fact, is based upon — an extensive listing of service, advocacy, and organizing jobs available throughout the country.) These are self-help guides in the best and strongest sense; they exist to offer solutions, to make accessible vital skills. They are also concerned, as detailed in a recent issue of the *News*, about the psychology of community work, about the "ways that will help keep the person who is fighting the good fight alive, well, effective, and balanced for the duration."

Community Jobs and *The Grantsmanship Center News*, like their counterparts — *Easyriders*, *Soldier of Fortune*, and *Survival* — illustrate the range of possible response to our turbulent age. The great difference, of course, is that the two former publications take the time and effort to identify some of our problems below the scale of mythic catastrophe; they set a course toward solutions; they fail the option for inebriated fraternity, dreamy privatism, reactionary violence. All of these magazines address the great disturbance that is reaching through our country. And each of these magazines, in ways that are alternately heartening, profoundly disturbing, and wildly, sometimes perversely eccentric, are telling us, for good and ill, about some of the choices that are being made, about the sides that are now lining up.

resented and misperceived.) Fact or fantasy, it all reaches back to first things: why, aside from the enormous motive of making money, does the magazine exist? What does it believe about the world?

Survive, another monthly slick soon to be available from the publishers of *Soldier of Fortune*, believes that the world is very soon going to come to an end. The world will end in fire and ice, famine and combative anarchy; but you, the reader, may wiggle out of the collective fate if you are prepared to take the necessary steps. *Survival* is a guide and catalog to extreme preparedness. "What these accounts, and in fact, the people have in common," explain the publishers, "is the underlying belief that an individual must provide for himself and his family. Uncertain times demand self-sufficiency for survival."

I would argue that uncertain times, these times, make self-sufficiency impossible, and that too many discussions and strategies for private solutions to public and even global problems must speak directly to the very bottom of the American spirit — rapacious individualism steered against the community. Certainly, the retreat from belief in a social gospel, religious and secular, is today both evident and understandable; it is as understandable, in its response of fear and the need to act, as the limited and rather pointless brotherhood of bikers, or the lunatic rage of the weapons expert. Each of these solutions — the middle-point to the small specialty magazines that we have been leafing through — is a different interpretation of a single, but pervasive notion that now touches us all, establishing and adjusting both personal and public agendas. That notion: in America, things are not well; for Americans, there is work to be done.

ROCK QUIZ

Question:

Who does the bizarre hit single

"LUNATIC FRINGE"?

Answer:

Red Rider



from the abnormally entertaining album

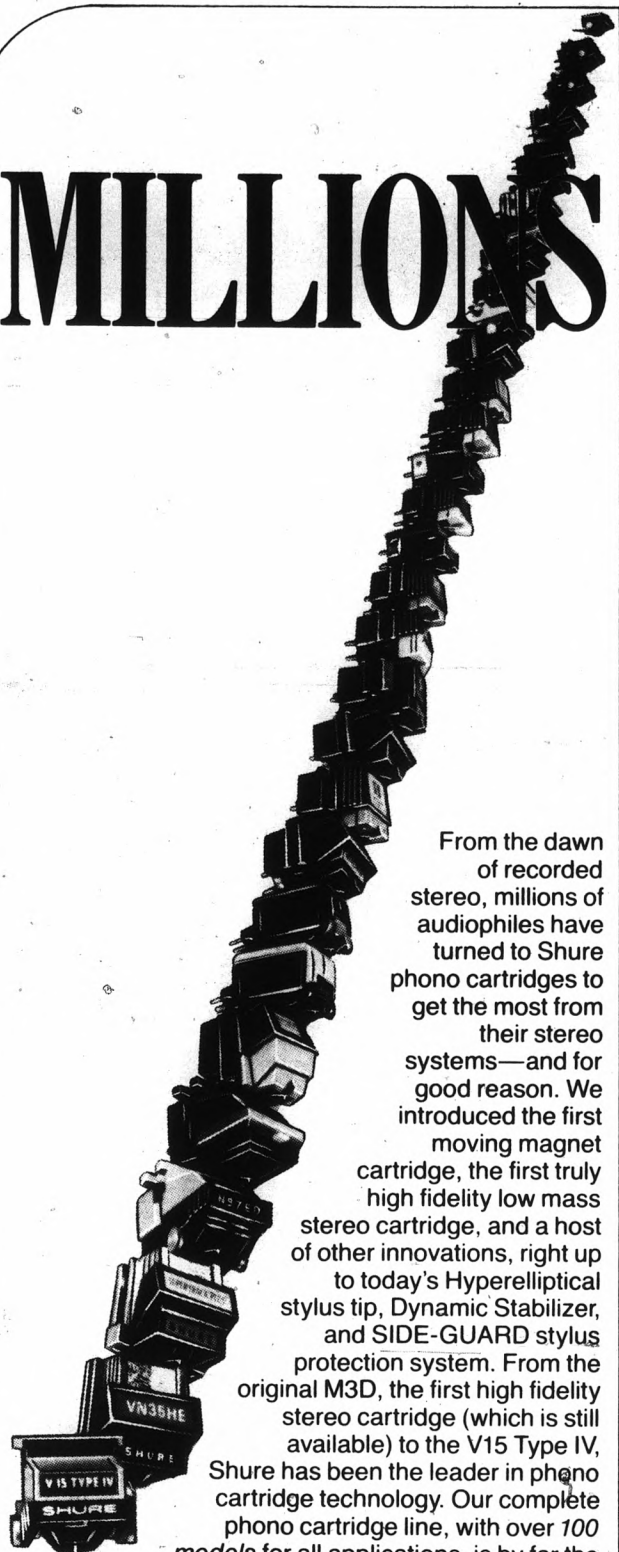
AS FAR AS I AM



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MILLIONS



From the dawn of recorded stereo, millions of audiophiles have turned to Shure phono cartridges to get the most from their stereo systems—and for good reason. We introduced the first moving magnet cartridge, the first truly high fidelity low mass stereo cartridge, and a host of other innovations, right up to today's Hyperelliptical stylus tip, Dynamic Stabilizer, and SIDE-GUARD stylus protection system. From the original M3D, the first high fidelity stereo cartridge (which is still available) to the V15 Type IV, Shure has been the leader in phono cartridge technology. Our complete phono cartridge line, with over 100 models for all applications, is by far the widest selection offered by any phono cartridge manufacturer in the world. For more than 25 years, Shure has been the performance, technological, and sales leader in high fidelity phono cartridges... and that's why millions of audiophiles around the world have made us their source of sound. See your Shure dealer about upgrading your system with the number one name in phono cartridges.



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THE KINKS Give the People What They Want

(Arista) Kink kingpin Ray Davies has long been a rocker with a social conscience, though his band's most recent LPs have found his voice somewhat muted. *Give the People What They Want*, however, is loaded with topical commentary, some of it rather heavy-handed. Davies has a lot on his mind and he speaks it forcefully throughout the disc.

The album's social overview, if not completely despairing, is tinged with a distinct cynicism. The title track is an ironic anthem for entertainers (including, perhaps, the Kinks?) who pander to their audience's worst instincts. "Bring on the lions and open the cage," Davies sings in his trademark droll manner. Despite their bitter overtones, though, Davies' lyrical observations seem rooted in moral conviction. Such songs as "Killer's Eyes" and "A Little Bit of Abuse" (the latter a portrait of a battered wife) touch on themes of responsibility and proper conduct, pointing fingers at the thoughtless and selfish. "Better Things," the LP's closing tune, is so sticky-sweet in its optimism that it underscores the seriousness of Davies' writings even more.

And, oh yes—the music. Davies' lyrics are so up-front that the playing on the album may get passed over. For the most part, the Kinks' music here is clean-cut rock, nothing fancy but generally high quality.

Still, this LP is Ray Davies' soapbox, and his message is loud and clear: "Give the people what they want—and may God have mercy on your soul."

Barry Alfonso

THE ROLLING STONES Tattoo You

(Rolling Stones Records) The lyrics to an old Howlin' Wolf blues—"How many more years are you goin' to dog me around"—come to mind when listening to the new Rolling Stones opus *Tattoo You*. Mick, Keef and the boys, with their last wholly-realized album almost a decade behind them, are still dogging us around with phoned-in, vacuum-packed projects like the new release.

Tattoo You is the latest in the continuing series of dismaying post-*Exile on Main Street* albums—*Goat's Head Soup*, *It's Only Rock and Roll*, *Black and Blue*, *Emotional Rescue*—that have served to remind us how spiritually dead the Stones have become in their declining years. Oh, the fabled Stones sound is still there, and it's a fooler: you can sometimes be seduced by the contorted guitar licks and the feverish drums. But on *Tattoo You*, as on most of the other Stones releases of the Seventies, the sound surrounds a lyrical core full of air—sort of the rock & roll equivalent of glazed donuts. The bright moments on 1978's *Some Girls* look more and more like inspired flukes with each succeeding album.

Tattoo You's fast side/slow side strategy makes its lack of emotional weight all the more apparent. The rockers on side one, with their pat intros and familiar arrangements, blare by, to be rapidly subsumed in the mind.

The ballad side is on the surface

ON DISC

more involving; the Stones still know how to set an evocative mood in a slow piece. But once you get past the dreamy chording and the lush floating-on-a-cloud production, you're left with a collection of songs that tickle the backbone and leave the cerebral cortex out to dry. With one notable exception, these songs strike one as emotional charades; listen to them, and then to "No Expectations" or "Moonlight Mile" or "Wild Horses," compare, and you'll get the drift.

The Stones do manage to rise to the occasion once on *Tattoo You*, on the album closer, "Waiting on a Friend." The song, a lament about romance considered from a mature perspective, is honestly and achingly sung by Jagger and embellished with an economical Sonny Rollins sax solo. Like the very best Stones songs, it rings true and cuts deep, but here it's a sad case of too little too late.

Chris Morris



Dogg Does the Hat Trick

SWAMP DOGG I'm Not Selling Out/I'm Buying In

(Takoma) Time seems to have obscured the fact that rock & roll (we're talking real rock & roll here—not "rock," that modern industrial commodity as packaged by strutting fops in hockey arenas) was invented by black people. Might have been Robert Johnson, maybe Roy "Good Rockin' Tonight" Brown, could have been Louis Jordan; the actual culprit will never be found out but keep in mind that, like virtually everything else

original in our culture, rock & roll was the creation of involuntary immigrants from West Africa and their progeny.

So why, then, is Swamp Dogg such an anomaly? A black guy who does rock & roll—not funk, not disco, not lounge music—shouldn't be odd, considering the dark-hued origin of the form. Maybe Swamp is the last black rocker or maybe he's the vanguard of a black rock renaissance. One doubts he's had time to give the subject much thought in light of the obvious deep concentration unsparingly on the music and lyrics on his latest album. Soulfully sung, brilliantly arranged and written with irony, pathos and lots of humor (all credit to the Dogg himself), Swamp has his heaviest album out since the legendary *Total Destruction to Your Mind* made underground waves twelve years ago. You want protest? Try "California Is Drowning and I Live Down by the River"; you want a contemporary love song? How about Swamp's duet with blues queen Esther Phillips on "The Love We Got Ain't Worth Two Dead Flies." You want a think piece in the Joe South tradition? Lay the needle down on "Low Friends in High Places." But, mostly, you want rock & roll and that's what you get in virtually every track, and most especially in the rollicking "Wine, Women And Rock n Roll."

It is entirely appropriate that Swamp Dogg is the figment of the mind (and body) of producer/arranger/instrumentalist/singer/entrepreneur Jerry Williams, Jr. The Dogg character can do what no real human can do: transcend the swirl of the commonplace and forge ahead in a totally iconoclastic musical mind groove. Only a Dogg can do all that and get away with it.

Bob Merlis

AU PAIRS Playing with a Different Sex

(Human) The Au Pairs, hailing from Birmingham, England, North of London in the industrial midlands, play with a whole new deck of cards in Birmingham, unemployment runs high and apathy seems conducive with and encouraged by the State (expressed in no uncertain terms in "Headache"). *Playing with a Different Sex* is a far cry from the band's first self-produced single, "Kerb Crawler," distributed by Rough Trade Records in England and America. Rough Trade has long been noted for advocating equal rights. The

(Continued on page 21)

GRATEFUL DEAD Dead Set

(Arista) If anyone had bothered to ask whether we really needed another double live Grateful Dead package, then *Dead Set*, their latest long-winded labor might never have seen the light of day. That would have been too bad, because *Dead Set* is the album that finally proves a million Deadheads can't be all wrong.

Dead Set is a followup to their two-LP all acoustic album *Reckoning*, which, in turn was a followup to a venerable tradition of interminable guitar solos, drum pyrotechnics and ragged vocals from *Live Dead* to *Europe '72* to *Steal Your Face* to... fill

in the blank.

The palpable difference with *Dead Set*—and one that gives the effort the distinct feel of a qualified success—is the pacing. From the opening thud of "Samson and Delilah" to the final wheeze of "Brokedown Palace," the band is deliberately and unswervingly somnambulant. And that ain't bad. None of this hotheaded New Wave flapdoodle for Jerry and the boys. Nosiree. The Dead opt for attention in quite another way—they hypnotize you. And if you just give up and, gulp, face the music, it's really kind of soothing. Like an alpha wave trance or crashing surf—little wonder thousands harken. *Dead Set* is music for tomorrow's elevators.

Davin Seny

No one knows how far John Prine's storytelling might reach. At the close of an amiable interview last year he mentioned a 6'8" brother named Billy — "The most dangerous Prine. He makes me look like Pat Boone" — with a rockabilly band called Whiplash and the Lawsuits. I believed that as much as the story preceding it, about a new label to be called Oh Boy Records. "I'd just record female Country-and-Western singers," said Prine. "It'd be a fun way to grow old." Tonight, following his second consecutive sold-out night at the Roxy in Los Angeles, in walks John Prine dressed in his usual black shirt and black sports coat, with an extraordinarily tall, long-haired young man ambling behind. "Hi," says Prine. "This is my brother Billy."

If Prine's legions of fans and supporters had their way, the diffident Illinoisan with memorable stories told in song would be rich enough to start all the record companies he wanted. Prine went from mailman to recording and performing star and magazine cover boy in an astonishing four months. His terrifically-written country-folk-rock songs did the trick, not an ambitious nature. But that was ten rocky years, two record contracts and no gold records ago. Meantime, Prine has evolved from a rather reluctant almost-star ("I feel like this job picked me instead of the other way around," he said last year), to a guy laying careful plans for success.

The Roxy show was a triumph. Usually, Hollywood clubs are subsidized by record labels eager to showcase their acts for press and company brass. Prine doesn't have a company, just his songs. The capacity audience was so responsive,

yelling out requests and singing on their favorite choruses that Prine had to chide them. "You give an 8-track more chance'n you give me." Before he could finish thanking the audience at the end of the set, the majority was on its feet.

"The first record will probably go gold someday," Prine says in his resonant, whiskeyish baritone. We're up in his hotel room now with classic interview props spread on the table between us — glasses, bottles, a tape recorder and plenty of ice. "It's like a jazz album. Never on the charts but it'll probably go gold from people wearing out their copies and buying new ones. It's *The Dark Side of the Moon Syndrome*." He laughs softly and shyly. If it hasn't made him rich yet, his unpredictable career has at least taught Prine the survival value of a stoic sense of humor.

I mention that he seems more relaxed and happy than a year ago. I had seen him very drunk at a party and, in our interview then, he had mentioned a possible divorce.

"That's on account of me makin' some major moves. Some of 'em I can't discuss right now," Prine says.

Born October 10, 1946 in Maywood, Illinois, Prine is one of four sons. Around age 14 he got a metallic blue guitar with a white heart painted on it from Montgomery Ward and began making up songs. Meanwhile he struggled to pass high school, regularly flunking English and being sent to summer sessions. He went to work for the Post Office, spent 1966-68 as an Army inductee in Germany, married and resumed the mailman routine for two more years.

In 1970 a change came. Prine tried some of his songs on Hoot Night at a club

called The Fifth Peg. They clicked, and so did a friendship with expert guitarist Steve Goodman, author of the song "City of New Orleans." One propitious night Goodman steered Kris Kristofferson and Paul Anka to a late Prine set. Both were thoroughly impressed. Anka paid to have Prine and Goodman fly to New York the next day to cut a demo. "It just seemed better than walking in the snow and sticking mail in people's boxes," Prine reflects.

First night in town he visited Kristofferson's performance with Carly Simon at The Bitter End and was called on stage to sing three of his songs. Jerry Wexler, big-time record producer and executive was in the audience. Almost overnight, Prine had a contract. The first LP drew cover versions from Bette Midler, Al Kooper, Bonnie Raitt, even venerable bluegrass inventor Bill Monroe. Bob Dylan joined him for an on-stage jam in 1972. The *LA Times* plastered him on the cover of its Sunday magazine the week he hit town for a miniscule second-bill slot, three days at the Troubadour.

It didn't add up to stardom, though. Prine was just too unlike other radio fare to crack playlists. "There used to be some

wide open FMs," he says, "but not no more."

"People were real nice to me from the labels," he adds (five albums were released on Atlantic, three on Elektra), "but they didn't know what to do with me when I gave 'em a record." Prine uses a pack of matches for an impromptu imitation of a program director checking out a Prine LP, dropping a tonearm on random cuts.

"Nope. Doesn't sound like Kenny Rogers." On to another track. "Nope. Doesn't sound like Pink Floyd."

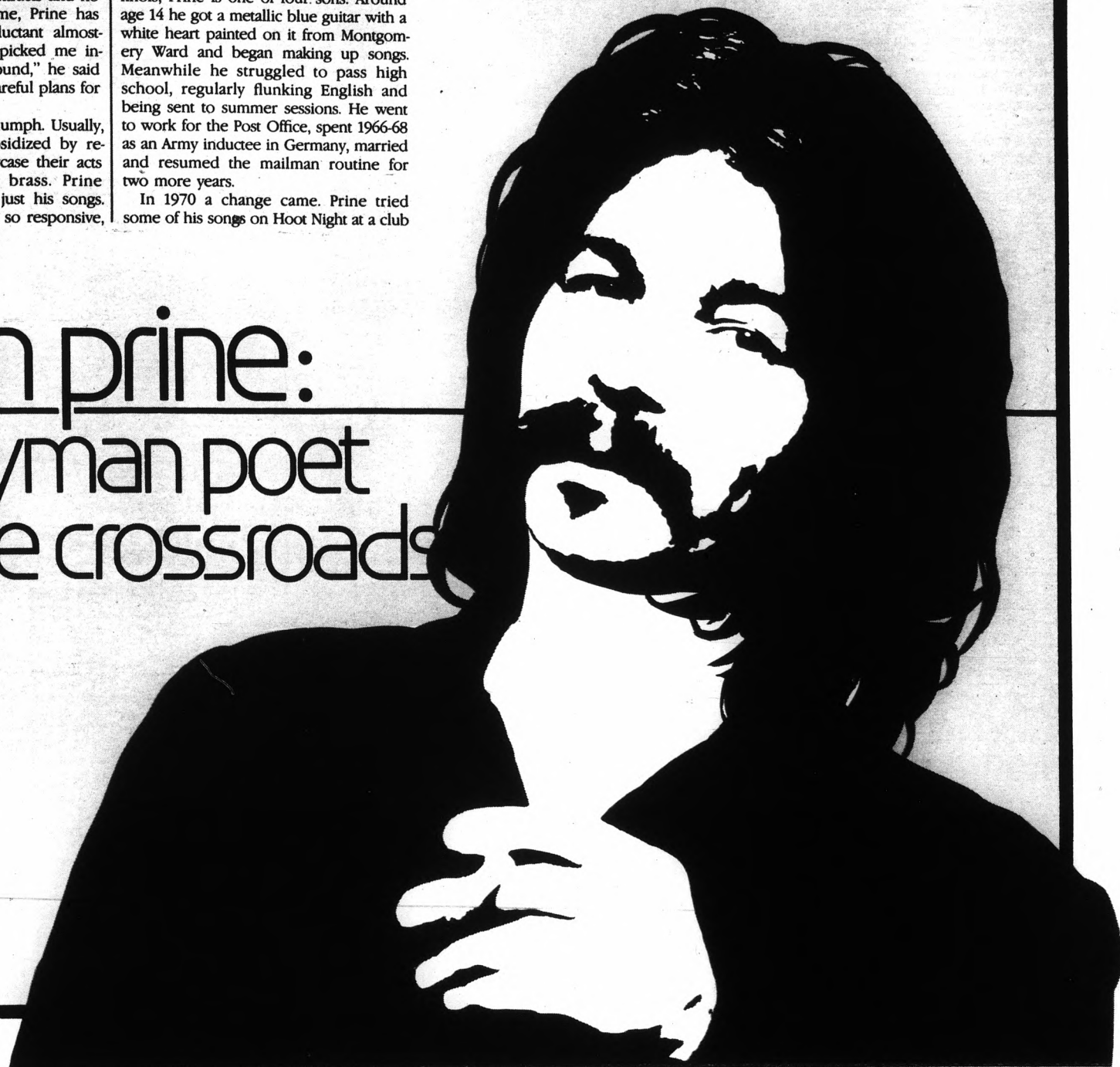
"And that's FM," Prine says, himself again. "Forget about AM! But I don't forget about it. I want to touch the average guy on the shoulder with his car radio and say 'listen to me, listen to this.'"

To that end, Prine's working privately on a record now in Nashville. Several musicians, producers and disc jockeys are helping with donated work and advice. Prine's goal is a collection of songs that he likes and that also stands a chance of getting airplay.

"Cause I've got to like my own music," he says. "I sing it every night. Sometimes it's the only thing I can fall back on, that'll catch me."

john prine: everyman poet at the crossroads

BY BYRON LAURSEN

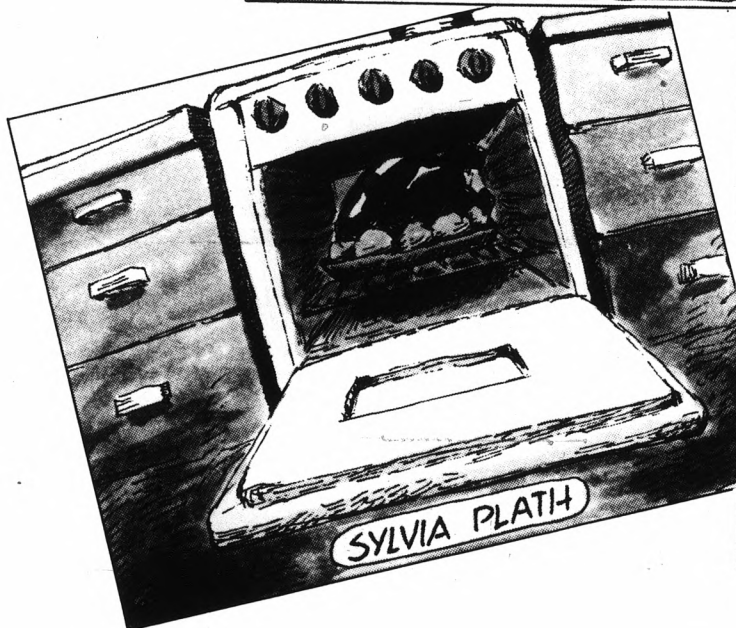
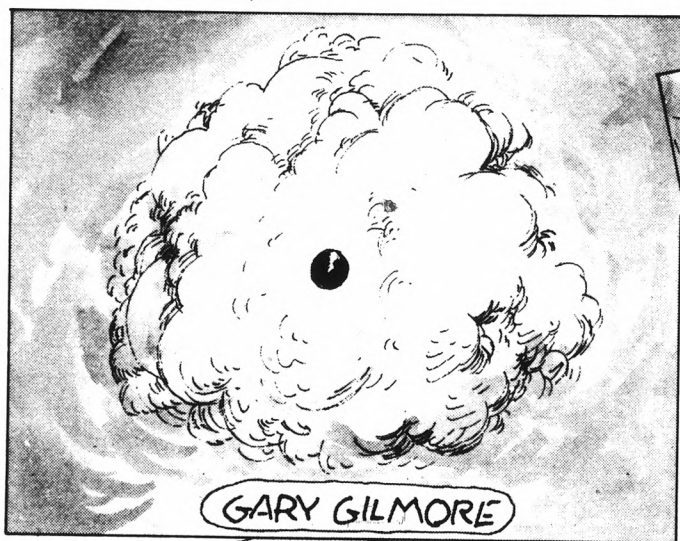
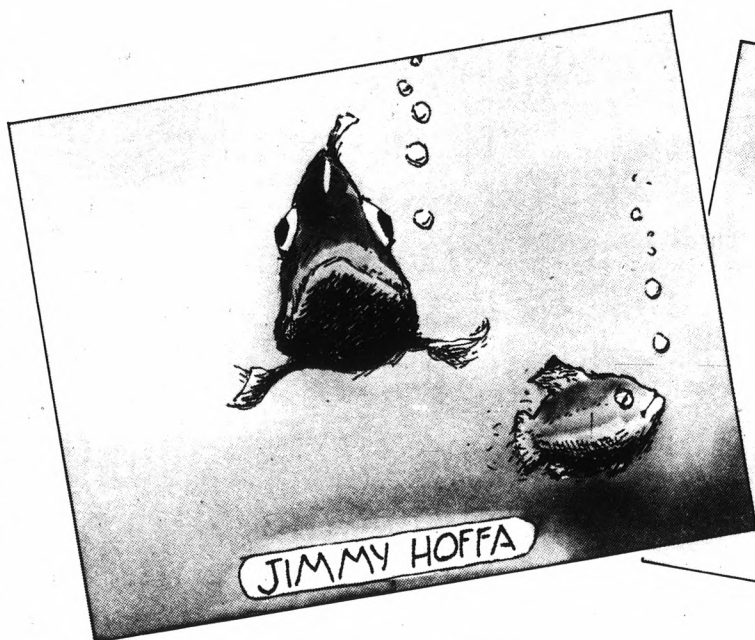


FAMOUS LAST SIGHTS

BY BILL PLYMPTON



"Bill Plympton draws beautifully, perceives accurately and is mean to his subjects to the different degrees they deserve it." That's dean-of-underground-cartoonists Jules Feiffer's boost for *Tube Strips*, the first Plympton anthology, which came out in Bicentennial Fever Year 1976. *Medium Rare*, a 1978 compendium, stirred these words from the homonymic but famouser George Plimpton, author of *Paper Lion* and editor of *The Paris Review*: "Plympton ... combines artistic skill (some of his caricatures reflect a close study of Honoré Daumier) with a lively sense of his function as an artist-commentator in these parlous times."



Plympton is a New Yorker whose neighborhood is so scrummy that playing an electric guitar all afternoon at volume 10 doesn't phase anybody. This is a tested and proven fact. Before New York he was an Oregonian, which might explain how he can be both wide-eyed and snide. Most summers he goes back to the Clackamas River and a swinging rope that dangles from a tree over a wide bend in the river, conveniently close to his parents' home. He commuted from there to Portland State College (now University) long enough to win a 1969 degree. Nowadays he revisits the downtown campus to teach an occasional summertime cartooning class.

Currently, Plympton anchors the rhythm guitar slot of Ben Day and the Zipatones, a casual band if there ever was one, and waits for publication of his third, as yet untitled book. *Our Rolling Stone*, *Penthouse*, the *New York Times*, *Soho Weekly News* and *The Village Voice* are among the more savory of his publishing credits. His melting-head Ronald Reagan is the best in the business.

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ON SCREEN & OUT THE OTHER

Time Bandits

starring John Cleese, Sean Connery, Shelley Duvall, Katherine Helmond, Ian Holm, Michael Palin, Ralph Richardson, Peter Vaughan, David Warner; written by Palin and Terry Gilliam; produced and directed by Gilliam

The fantasies of 11-year-old boys are not my idea of captivating cinema, but *Time Bandits* is not the expected saccharin heroic wetdream; it is refreshed every few minutes by some nasty, or at the very least snide, remarks in true Monty Python tradition. Palin and Gilliam, of course, are well known for their work in Python (see our feature in this issue).

There isn't much of a plot: six rascally dwarves and midgits (David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon & Tiny Ross), the Time Bandits themselves, lure a young British schoolboy into joining them as they wander through time, dropping through "time holes" into different centuries, trying to avoid the Supreme Being (from whom they stole the map of time, thereby fearing his revenge) and the Evil One (David Warner, who, to prepare for Taking Control of the World, feels he must learn about microchips, computers and direct digital dialing...). John Cleese plays Robin Hood, Holm is Napoleon, Vaughan and Helmond are Mr. and Mrs. Ogre, while Duvall and Palin portray a courting couple in two completely separate centuries (in Sherwood Forest and again on the *Titanic*). There is also a giant, a pig, some knights, and Sean Connery as King Agamemnon of ancient

Never underestimate the power of Wretched Excess in Hollywood, past and present. Director Robert Aldrich has often used that power (in such films as *The Legend of Lylah, Clare* and *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane*) but nothing he's done before (no, not even *The Last Days of Sodom* and *Gomorrah*) could prepare the unsuspecting viewer for the new lows Aldrich plumbs in this film. With his track record in the action genre (*The Dirty Dozen*, *The Longest Yard*), Aldrich may have seemed the perfect choice to helm this latest rip-off of the *Rocky* formula.

Peter Falk, in a cross between John Belushi in *The Blues Brothers* and Ernest Borgnine in anything post-Marty, portrays the manager of a pair of lady wrestlers (Laurene Landon and Vicki Frederick) who bill themselves as "The California Dolls." But during the course of this 112-minute film, we see much more of the inside of the beat-up Cadillac Falk uses to transport the ladies from bout to bout in town to town than we ever do of a wrestling ring. It is only at the end, when the "Dolls" are up against a pair of odds-on favorites (whom they, of course, ultimately vanquish) that the audience gets some idea of where these women earn a living. In between, we have Falk calling the ladies "cows" and mugging mercilessly. As for the "Dolls," newcomers Frederick and Landon are so wooden one fully expects Falk at some point to reach over, spray them with liquid Pledge, and start polishing away. For a supposed sports-oriented film, *All the Marbles* is all talk, no action.

Bill Royce



Franklyn Seales, Powers Boothe & Keith Carradine in *Southern Comfort*.

Greece, looking absolutely breathtaking in a curly wig and a long red dress.

The Time Bandits themselves are the special attraction, especially Randall (David Rappaport) the leader, who has wit and charm, a sly, interesting face and stubby little fingers that don't seem to have any knuckles. He's 3'11", and sexy. (Kenny Baker, the smallest of the Bandits at 3'8", is known to us all as R2D2; he was the invisible midgit in the droid in *Star Wars* and *Empire*.)

Unlike the dreary *Jabberwocky*, the previous collaboration between Palin and Gilliam, *Time Bandits* is a captivating, sweet, but not entirely innocent dream. Obviously, there is more to 11-year-old schoolboys than I ever suspected.

Judith Sims

...All The Marbles

starring Peter Falk, Laurene Landon and Vicki Frederick; written by Mel Frohman; directed by Robert Aldrich

Southern Comfort

starring Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe; written by Michael Kane and Walter Hill & David Giler; directed by Hill

Southern Comfort teaches us four important lessons:

1. Try not to join the Louisiana National Guard.
2. If you can't avoid #1, by all means avoid going into the Louisiana swamp.
3. If avoidance of #1 and #2 is impossible, do not, under any circumstances, steal a cajun's boat.
4. And don't make a movie about Numbers 1 through 3. Not even if you're Walter Hill, with some fine films behind you, like *The Warriors* and *Hard Times*. Not even.

P.S. Ry Cooder's music is perfect: haunting, spooky and, in the Cajun feast/dance scene, eerily—but happily—infectious. Naturally, there is no soundtrack album.

Judith Sims

(Continued from page 6)

About Those Bette Davis Eyes...

ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN Nasal & Facial Surgery Institute, there's an upswing in celebrity transformations. Not routine facelifts for aging stars, mind you, but actual attempts to put famous features on workaday faces. For women, reports the Institute, the greatest numbers of requests are for a lower lip like Brooke Shields, ears like Bo Derek (jughandles), cheekbones like Jane Fonda and a forehead like Farrah Fawcett. Men are interested in Paul Newman's eyes, Robert Redford's lips, Cary Grant's nose, John Travolta's cheekbones and Clint Eastwood's nostrils.

Cash in a Flash from a Rehash Depart.

AS IF IN SUPPORT OF Mr. Jagger's Spent Force Theory, an axiom which will find a place in history alongside Voodoo Economics, several remakes of early Sixties hits are in current release. Among them are the Ronettes' "Be My Baby," covered by Rachel "Age of Consent" Sweet. Timi Yuro's "Hurt," covered by Carly "How About These" Simon on her new LP of torch songs, and Tommy James and the Shondells' "Mony Mony," covered by Billy "What's in a Name?" Idol, former singer for Generation X.

Down & Out in San Diego?

HIS SUPPOSED TO BE IN EUROPE, according to his record label, Arista. Nevertheless, persistent Iggy Pop sightings in San Diego continue. His newest release, *Party*,

is climbing the charts as handily as anything Mr. Pop ever recorded. But it takes a long while for receipts to trickle down to the artist, so Pop is reportedly filling the gap by sitting in with various San Diego bar bands.

Her Lucky Break

PAM DAWBER (Mindy of *Mork and*), starring on stage in *The Pirates of Penzance* in Los Angeles, was struck with ailing vocal chords one recent night. Her understudy was also ill. Egad! A crisis! Lo and behold, who should be hanging out backstage (visiting her vocal coach) but Linda Ronstadt, soon to star in the film version of the same musical! She volunteered her services, and when her name was announced in substitution, the very words received a standing ovation. Mark our words, this kid'll be a big star.

Another Belushi-Aykroyd Update

DAN AYKROYD will earn a cool \$1.25 million to star in *Detroit Abe*, a Bruce J. Friedman script about a pimp and his girls. Michael Pressman will direct (he just finished *Some Kind of Hero*, also about a hooker, Margot Kidder, and a Viet Nam vet, Richard Pryor).

JOHN BELUSHI has regained all the weight he lost for *Continental Divide* (believe it or not, he was 40 pounds heavier than he appears in that film). He spent the summer on the beach on Martha's Vineyard Island, sunning and eating... Maybe he was depressed because *Continental Divide* is a complete bust.



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Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, Michael Palin & John Cleese Join Sean Connery, Shelley Duvall, Six Dwarves, a Kid & Many Others in

TIME BANDITS

BY STEVEN X. REA

Terry Gilliam has this thing about objects that plummet from the sky: in the old *Monty Python's Flying Circus* TV series, he created the giant foot that drops willy-nilly out of the blue to obliterate any number of the troupe's wonderfully inane sketches; in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* it's the coconuts that inexplicably fall from the heavens onto Arthurian England; and in *Life of Brian* two Slinky-eyed aliens blast their rocketship into Biblical times just as the alleged Messiah is hurtling to his certain death from a castle tower.

So it comes as little surprise that Terry Gilliam's latest endeavor, *Time Bandits*, should feature six dwarves and midgets who literally drop out of nowhere — a kind of *dwarfus ex machina* — onto the unsuspecting heads of historical figures such as King Agamemnon, Napoleon and Robin Hood.

"Yes," enthuses the unflagging 40-year-old Gilliam, "I think I've actually made a commercial picture for once. It's just a jolly entertainment for everyone to enjoy. It's the film that

doesn't embarrass anybody."

Commercial? A children's story about a half dozen weird, greedy dwarves who flee through the Cosmos, jump through time holes, and plunder sundry civilizations for all the gold and loot they can get their grubby little mitts on? A dark, surreal, violent fantasy replete with giants, ogres and minotaurs?

Well, Terry Gilliam — the sole American member of the British Python clan — thinks so, which just goes to show you exactly how far gone this guy really is. Then again, he may be right. Compared to 1975's *Jabberwocky* — Gilliam's first non-Python cinematic effort and an unmitigated box office disaster — *Time Bandits* has all the makings of a boffo blockbuster. And unlike *Jabberwocky*, which starred a couple of Python players and a gaggle of unknown Anglo actors, *Time Bandits* boasts a mighty impressive cast. Sure there are six dwarves and an eleven-year-old child, but there are also Sean Connery, Shelley Duvall, Katherine Helmond (from *Soap*), Ian Holm (from *Alien*), Sir Ralph Richardson and

David Warner.

Tucked away in a back booth at a Hollywood restaurant, Gilliam picks on some veal, still somewhat awestruck that the likes of Sean Connery and Ralph Richardson are in a picture that he wrote (along with Pythonite Michael Palin) and directed — a picture he dreamed up one weekend while he was sitting in his North London studio with nothing better to do.

"We wanted a hero and Connery's a hero," explains Gilliam, referring to the Scottish actor who plays the fatherly King Agamemnon. "In the original script we wrote — before he actually got involved — it says, 'Agamemnon the Greek warrior pulls his helmet off revealing himself to be none other than Sean Connery or an actor of cheaper but equal stature.' Then our producer, Denis O'Brien, said 'Well, let's go out and get him,' and he did."

As for Richardson, landing him was just the result of dogged pursuit on Gilliam's part. "I wanted one of the acting 'sirs' for the part of the Supreme Being, and Richardson is my favorite."

On the other hand, getting Shelley Duvall to play the flighty Pansy was a cinch: the tall, Texas-born actress is an old friend of the entire Monty Python group. Gilliam sent her a note while she was in Malta doing Robert Altman's *Popeye*, requesting her services for a few days' work when she was through being Olive Oyl. Says Duvall: "It would have been a lot of fun shooting *Time Bandits* if Terry hadn't fallen on my head. [adopting a stuffy, uppercrust English accent] I mean, it's not often that you get to do a film where the director bloody falls on your head. He nearly broke my neck!"

The Duvall mishap occurred during the setup for a scene featuring one of the dwarves' high-velocity re-entries — this time they're supposed to land on a carriage transporting Duvall and Michael Palin (as her bumbling lover, Vincent). "Michael and I were sitting and talking. The dwarves were a little worried about jumping off this 4 ft. scaffolding and landing on us. So we're sitting there cross-legged in our beautiful costumes and Terry's telling the dwarves 'It's easy, it's easy.' We

were not paying attention, really. Then all of a sudden Terry decided to show them how to jump off the scaffolding without hurting the actors, without hurting us. So *Boom!* Without warning Terry leaps off and lands directly on my neck. All 180 pounds of him! [adopting her British accent again] A brute director he was!"

While he may not really be a brute, Gilliam will be the first to admit that he's a hard-working, impatient, meticulous director. *Time Bandits* was shot in Morocco, London and Wales on a gruelling 12-week schedule for the almost unheard-of small sum of \$5 million. Adding to the sense of controlled panic, *Time Bandits* began production with an unfinished shooting script (the starting date was rushed to accommodate the commitments of the likes of Connery, Duvall et al.) which was in turn fleshed out, altered and rewritten as the movie rolled haplessly along.

"I was very proud of the fact that while a lot of people were making hugely expensive films and ended up having very little to show for the effort, we were making a very, very cheap



Shelley Duvall, left, on the Titanic; the six rascally dwarves, top right; director Terry Gilliam with Katherine Helmond and ogre Peter Vaughan, lower right; and heroic king Sean Connery, far right.



film that looks like a big multi-million dollar production.

"Everybody who worked on *Time Bandits*," continues Gilliam, "has said that it was the hardest film they've ever worked on. And there were people who worked on *The Shining*! But they all enjoyed it. There wasn't a lot of farting around. The only person who probably didn't enjoy it was Shelley — when I fell on her I doubt if she enjoyed that."

Like *Jabberwocky*, and like the two feature-length Python epics, *Time Bandits* has its share of gruesome, vivid gore: the dwarves munch on live rats, there are bloody gladiator battles and more than a few severed limbs. But Gilliam, who has screened the picture for his five-year-old daughter, doesn't take it seriously. "My argument has always been that it isn't real. Like in *Jabberwocky*, with all the blood at the joust — people hate that — but to me it's so over the top, it's so extreme that it's cartoon violence, it's *Tom and Jerry*."

After the band of time-travellers land on Shelley Duvall and Michael Palin's heads in Sherwood Forest, they meet up with Robin Hood, played with fop-pish pomp by gangly Monty Python member John Cleese. As they approach the Merry Men's encampment, we see an arm-wrestling bout wherein the opponent's arm suddenly snaps completely off and is hurled by the champion wrestler onto a huge pile of other broken, cracked-off arms. "The weird thing that happened with the arm-wrestling scene," recounts Gilliam, straight-faced, "is that I wanted a one-armed man so we didn't have to fiddle about when his arm comes flying off. So one of the assistant directors came up one day and said he'd found a guy who only had one arm."

We worked out how to do the show, and on the day he arrived in costume and everything — I had asked for a guy whose arm was totally gone — it was obvious that this fellow's arm ended at his elbow. It wasn't what we wanted. It was so embarrassing: he had come specifically because he only had one arm and we had to tell him he wouldn't do. So we put him in the background and ended up using a two-armed actor who just had a false arm on. But it was awful, in a funny kind of way.

"Actually, in the *Holy Grail* the knight with his arms and legs hacked off... for the final part of that scene we used a one-legged man, and when he's just a torso that's him as well. It's easier to dig a hole for one leg than two," Gilliam laughs, "and cheaper as well."

Gilliam, who began his career drawing for Harvey Kurtzman's *Help!* magazine, and whose bizarre collages and cartoons for Monty Python have injected new life into the animation field, sees *Time Bandits* as an attempt to "make my animation come to life. That's what was interesting about having dwarves as the lead characters, because they're very cartoonish in proportion. When I draw a cartoon I tend to draw a large head, and the limbs and bodies are much smaller. It's the face that's interesting."

The Minnesota-born, Los Angeles-based expatriate speaks with affection about his six little actors — David Rapaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon and Tiny Ross — referring to them as "the gang." Gilliam reports that after he got used to the height differential (Kenny Baker, who plays R2D2 in the *Star Wars* saga, is only 3'8"), there was no problem directing the dwarves. "In fact, we saved a lot of money too, because we didn't have to build big sets. The sets look huge because we're down on the ground with wide-angle lenses, and those guys are so small."

Gilliam is hoping that the advertising and marketing campaigns for *Time Bandits* make it 100 per cent clear that "this is not the new Monty Python movie." Part of the problem with *Jabberwocky*'s promotion was the "continuing nightmare" of it being sold as a Python film, resulting in many an avid fan's drastic disappointment.

But what about the future plans of the entire Monty Python brigade? Given all the various independent projects (Palin's doing a film of his own next spring, Graham Chapman's finalizing a picture deal, Eric Idle's doing some TV and has a play opening in England, etc., etc.) is there room for another collaborative undertaking in the near future?

"Yes," Gilliam happily reports, "we're supposed to start shooting next June. We've got about sixty minutes of material written already. We'll have one more writing session this year, and then another one in January." The as-yet untitled Monty Python project will harken back to their TV shows, with a lot of nonlinear episodes and recurring jokes. "More and more we kept saying that it would be nice to go back and do a sketch film that works — because we didn't really feel that *And Now for Something Completely Different* worked. Also, it means more room for all of us. Eric's material and my material can get a bit disjointed and can be harder to fit into a plot framework."

"Ultimately it's good to get back together and really clear the air," says Gilliam, waxing sincere as he downs his last piece of veal in a hungry gulp. "And the Python films always seem to make us more money than any of our individual projects. After all, it's greed in the end that takes over."

ON DISC

(Continued from page 16)

Au Pairs avoid the record business and claim, uncompromisingly, that they would rather do it themselves. As with most of the recent independent groups, the Au Pairs have been tagged post punk. In interviews, their strong stand on feminism without role reversals and having no time for sex objects may lean more toward commitment than nihilism or hedonism, but, musically, they are a sexy band.

Lesley Woods, singer and guitarist, sings as hard-edged and knowingly as the recent voicings of Marianne Faithfull. There are no guitar leads. Paul Foad's guitar tears in and out like Andy Gill from the Gang of Four, and is laid over a tight bass and drums (Jane Munro and Pete Hammond). The rhythms carry a Jamaican flavor, stating and shifting themes, yet remaining unpredictable.

This juxtaposition of danceable music and altruist lyrics (best represented in "Armagh") has brought many critics to label the Au Pairs a "political band." If the Au Pairs are political, it is personal politics and concern for human rights, not just another sad bunch of complainers screaming to be heard.

Jennifer Kriegh

THE SPECIALS

Ghost Town EP

(2 Tone/Chrysalis) It's interesting that the #1 song in England during the royal nuptials media circus was "Ghost Town," a scathing indictment of governmental callousness that stands in stark contrast to the "jolly old England" image epitomized by Charles and Lady Di. And how appropriate that the song came courtesy of the Specials, the band that most fully embodies the widely divergent elements that have characterized British music since 1976.

"Band" isn't really the appropriate term for the Specials these days. It's virtually a mini-orchestra with an almost ridiculous arsenal of musical voices to employ over supple, reggae-derived rhythms. Just listen to the multitude of elements — a snakecharmer organ riff for the main melody, horror movie soundtrack brass flourishes, a constantly shifting assortment of lead vocals, jazzy trumpet and somber trombone solos — artfully woven together in the six-minute "Ghost Town."

"Why?" deals with interracial violence in England without any breathtaking new insight. But simple, eloquent logic coupled with a beautiful reggae melody and inventive "dub" arrangement is nothing to sneeze at. "Friday Night, Saturday Morning" likewise draws its specifics from British life but the attention to pertinent detail ("Wish I had lipstick on my shirt/Instead of piss-stains on my shoes") invoke desultory, aimless weekend nights spent on the town.

This is 13-1/2 minutes of marvelous music that makes its points without making a point of it and incites dancing as well as sober reflection on the real world we live in. It's all the more reason to hope that the recurrent rumors of an impending split in the Specials' ranks aren't true. The Specials are one of the premier groups in the music world today and this town will be even more like a ghost town should they throw in the towel.

Don Snowden

Break into the

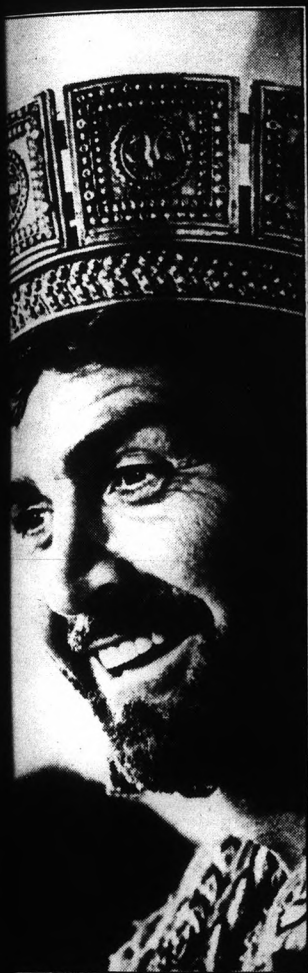
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(Continued from page 11)

experience is an elementary one and Smith's style, despite its sardonic lightness, could be much tighter.

Still, the vital point is made, and with it a bit of social comment: the fact that Rock & Roll, in its popular form, was drawn almost entirely from black music, and that the black musicians who created it were never given their due by the record companies or the listening audience. And how the industry's outward disdain for what it termed "race" music prompted it to respond with the shallow, formula hits that then made it so vulnerable to the onslaught of British music in the Sixties.

Susan Arminé

Deep Blues

ROBERT PALMER
Viking, \$14.95

Palmer isn't a stunning stylist, but he's just about the hardest working writer in music journalism. In *Deep Blues* — which is the story of the music first and the players closely second — he's made the best popular book on the subject to date, packed with deep research and comprehensive, many-stranded storytelling.

The illustrator R. Crumb recently noted an ironic fact: his portraits of early blues artists sold better than their records did. "The legend of these guys," he mused, "is very appealing."

Palmer has traced their legends, and styles, doggedly — through the lives of such greats as Muddy Waters (Palmer's principal figure), Robert Johnson, Little Walter, Son House, Charley Patton and Sonny Boy Williamson — all the way back to specific tribes in Africa at the dawn of the slave trading era.

Did you know, for example, that such musically-related words as "dig," "jive," "hip," and "cat" come to English from the Wolof tribe, which, in medieval times, ruled all of Senegal and Gambia?

Some of the book's territory is familiar, like the exodus of country, plantation-working performers to northern industrial opportunities, leading to amplified Chicago blues. But the story has seldom been told with such wide-reaching scope and balance of personal and sociological information.

Fridays

(continued from page 13)

ringing with cries of "I can handle it!" is borne out by the kind of fan mail received by the cast, especially Chartoff and Blankfield.

"I got a letter from a little boy saying he wanted to perform certain acts involving ice cream and certain other desserts with my body," related a deadpan Chartoff, who offstage is a relentless charmer with a certain finishing school poise. "He said that if certain of these acts interested me, I should write to him care of his best friend, because if his parents found out they'd kill him."

Outside of Chartoff, and Blankfield, who will star in a film to be released next summer called *Jekyll and Hyde Together Again*, none of the rest of *Fridays*' cast has yet achieved the kind of recognition the *Saturday Night* members enjoyed.

But Moffitt asserts his cast hasn't

Blues is a music of great simplicity combined with great subtlety; a storytelling, emotional music wherein the same few chords are colored by micro-variations in pitch. *Deep Blues* is likewise a simple book, with an easily followed progress of events. Yet it's a subtle piece of work, too. It brings to those appealing legends a measure of aliveness.

Byron Laursen

Canary

TONY COHAN
Doubleday, \$3.95

Here is a paragraph from Joan Didion's *Play It As It Lays*.

"But the next morning when the shower seemed slow to drain she threw up in the toilet, and after she had stopped trembling packed the few things she had brought to Fountain Avenue and, in the driving rain, drove back to the house in Beverly Hills. There would be plumbing anywhere she went."

Ms. Didion's heroine, an actress named Maria Wyeth ("That is pronounced Mar-eye-ah, to get it straight at the outset"), is made nauseous by slow plumbing; she is haunted by a recurring nightmare of her aborted foetus blocking up drainpipes, causing "gray water [to bubble] up in every sink." The paragraph, although very powerful, is not one of the most powerful in the book, but it ends a chapter and gives us such a convincing sensation of Maria's anxiety that we feel a little sick too, as we read it.

Canary, a novel which is also about show business people and the corrupt, pressurized lives they are believed to live, also contains a paragraph which closes a chapter with the intention of giving us an image of the anxiety of one of its characters. Here is the paragraph:

"Tears streamed down his face. He didn't know how to deal with the thoughts and feelings that pushed and pulled at him now. He was all torn up inside. He wondered how things had ever gotten this far."

Canary is available in hardback for \$13.95. You can get a nice-looking paperback edition of *Play It As It Lays* for \$3.95.

Clarke Owens

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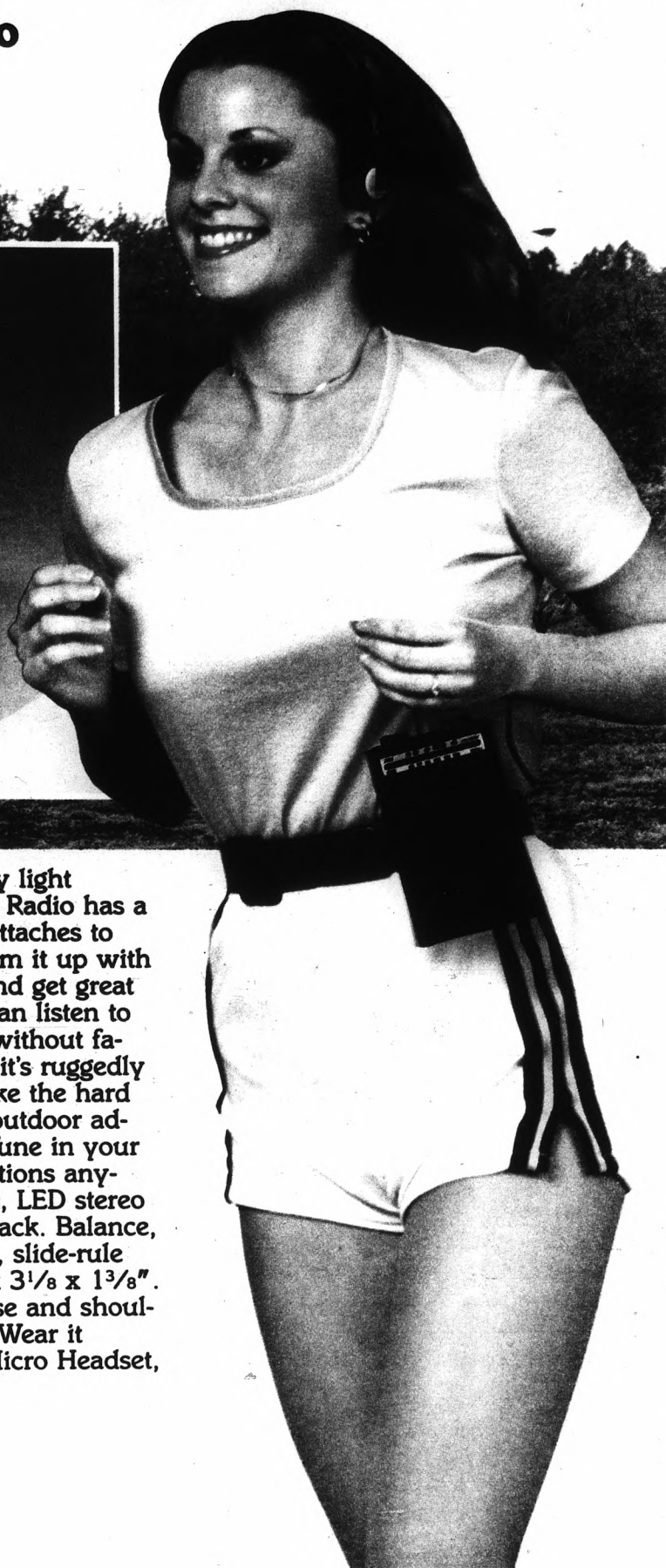
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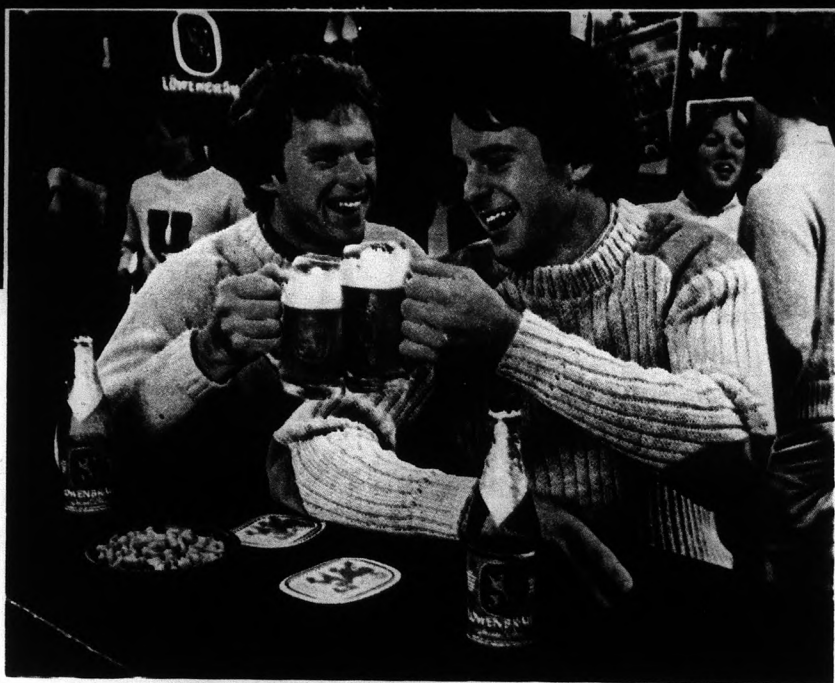
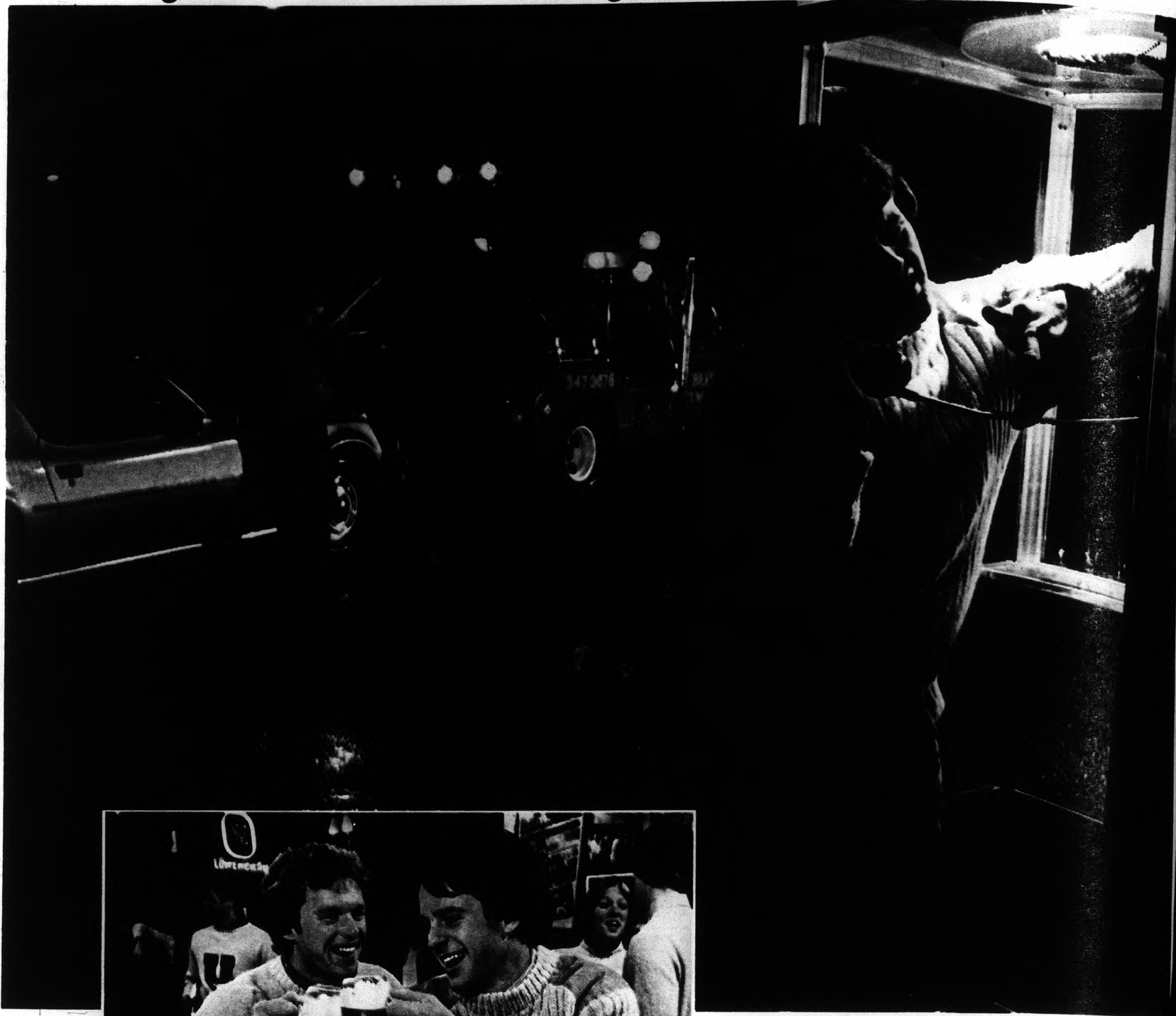
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